



EXPONENT II

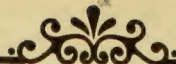
SUMMER 1985

VOLUME XI, NO. 4

85FA
+Brigham Young Univ.
Serials Section
6385 Lee Library
Provo, UT 84602

Exponent II
P.O. Box 37, Arlington, MA 02174
Address Correction Requested

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CHEESE AND CRACKERS

When I was growing up and had to give two-and-a-half minute talks, I sometimes resorted to padding my own brief ideas with stories or poems from one of those compact little books called something like *Golden Nuggets of Thought* or *Thoughts for Talks*. Their tables of contents promised anecdotes for everything from anger to zeal. The books themselves were small enough that in my youthful naivete I thought that I could mask one with a few loose papers so that the congregation wouldn't necessarily have to know that most of the talk came prefabricated from one quick source--just add tears.

And I did shed many a sincere tear over those tender stories that were geared to strum the heartstrings. But as the years pass and I hear these stories time and again--usually from teenagers who distrust the notion that the best experience is one's own--familiarity breeds contempt. I squirm in my foreknowledge of what happened to the second pair of footsteps in the sand, or I wish that the violin strings were missing in "The Touch of the Master's Hand."

I have to admit, however, that there is one story that continues to haunt me. A woman allegedly scrimps and saves for years and is finally able to go on a cruise. She calculates that if she limits herself to cheese and crackers in her cabin on the ship she will even have enough money to pay for one meal in the main dining room. After indulging in this dinner on the last night of the cruise, she inquires of the steward where she should pay the bill. Somewhat confused, he replies, "But, madam, the price of the meals is included in your ticket." The woman has focused so hard on scrimping and saving that she is unaware that she had the right to so much more.

At sixteen or seventeen, I trembled to think that I, too, was leading a cheese-and-crackers existence. Even now, I take stock to see if I have my nose stuck in *Life on \$5 a Day* while the more knowledgeable are reading *Fedor's Guide to Luxury*.

I have reason for my suspicions; I recognized the symptoms early. I recall a steak fry up Provo Canyon to celebrate high school graduation. I brought a tuna fish sandwich. Actually, many people thought that I showed foresight because no one brought charcoal fluid, but I knew that premonition wasn't my real motivation. I could well afford the steak, but a steak seemed rather ostentatious when a sandwich would do.

And the scrimp-and-save mentality has continued. Even with a good teaching job and money in the bank, I still live in the bargain basement. When shopping for clothes, I find myself muttering, "Hal I could make that for less than half." Then, with my adrenalin high, I spend two hours in the fabric store, three hours scheming how to lay and cut out the pattern (I always buy less fabric than what is called for--everybody knows that the pattern companies are in cahoots with the fabric mills), and two nights sewing the dress. One of my non-sewing friends once pointed out to me that if I had to pay myself

for the time that I spend sewing, the dress would probably cost less if I bought it. I pushed back what hair I had left, squinted at her through bloodshot eyes, and told her that my sewing was purely recreational, an artistic outlet.

Ultimate revenge came later. I taught her how to comparison shop. Now she knows that "shopping" and "patronizing one store" are mutually exclusive. Gone are the days when she could flip through a mail order catalog or pile skirts and sweaters on the counter at Bon Marche without even looking at the price tags.

And I have spread the disease further. My husband not only comparison shops, he clips coupons. I have gotten used to brands that my mother never bought, trial-size packages, super giant-sized packages, and multiple packages--with only four proof-of-purchase seals from Rice Crispies, you get a coupon for a fifth box free! (My nieces ate the last box this summer. After I wiped the dust off the top, I noted the "best-if-eaten-by" date was December 1983.)

I suppose that I wouldn't feel that this frame of mind was so insidious if it ended with shopping. I could label it "being frugal" or "shopping smart" and pat myself on the back for getting the best of a bargain, but my scrimp-and-save mania even pervades vacations.

Bob and I camp, not because we particularly enjoy it but because it's cheaper. The Eskimos have many words for snow; I have many words for rain. I vividly remember one thunderstorm along the St. Lawrence River. We had passed several motels en route, but I held out. After all, we had camped in inclement weather before. Besides, I had gathered up a load of discarded boards off the street in Quebec--free firewood! As it turned out, the rain wasn't so bad; the problem was the howling, forty-mile-per-hour winds. Our extra underwear saved us. We wrapped it over our ears, scrunched down in our sleeping bags, and were thankful that we had only a tiny two-man tent that wasn't likely to blow over.

Last summer, I became bent on proving that I was not a "cheese-and-crackers" person, that I could indulge in life. I signed us up for a trip to Greece, including a three-day cruise. Admittedly I chose the cheapest tour available, but I figured that a tour was a step in the right direction. At least I wouldn't miss half the countryside trying to figure out how to by-pass toll roads, and I could avoid the shoulderbag droop that comes from carrying extra rations because I knew that most meals were furnished. The basics were taken care of; it was the shopping that did us in.

Greece is one of those countries where one is expected to haggle. Now for the uninitiated, haggling might seem a comparison shopper's dream. It's a nightmare. Who knows how much less the little shop down the street might charge? Will I get a better deal if I pay in dollars, drachmas, or use Mastercard? Would I get a better price in Corinth or in Delphi? What does the tour book advise? How much time before the bus leaves?

Then I received the sign. I haven't quite figured out the interpretation yet; I just know that it is significant. It came on our last night aboard the cruise ship. We had usually dined on deck at the smorgasbord. That night, though, everyone was expected to attend the captain's formal farewell dinner. Late that afternoon, however, it became evident that many guests would opt to forego the festivities because of the increasingly rough seas. Bob and I lay on our bunks for about an hour before we decided not to attend. We didn't feel sick, but neither were we willing to risk feeling really awful later by going to the dinner. I was lying there trying to reconstruct the rescue scene from *The Poseidon Adventure* when I heard a knock at the door. I'm sure that the staff thought that they were doing us a kindness by sending a steward around with snacks for those of us not at dinner, but what he proffered drew me up short--cheese and crackers.

At this point, I get muddled trying to ascertain the exact significance of this incident. Does it indicate that I will always be cursed with this pinch-penny mentality? Or is it a curse? Maybe the incident emphasizes the fact that a cheese-and-crackers existence is a firm foundation that will provide strength in times of stress. Maybe I have cut through the excesses of life to find a Truth.

In my more lucid moments, I realize that I have shied away from the more obvious interpretation of the original story. Frugality is irrelevant; ignorance is the focus. The story of the woman saving for the cruise is unsettling because the woman does not realize that she is entitled to more. Her scrimping to pay for the trip is laudatory; her ignorance of her rights is painful. This story haunts me because this woman is a victim of ignorance. She gets less than what was already paid for. Now if anything could upset a scrimp-and-saver like me, that's it. And no matter how much sympathy I want to give to that woman, I cannot forgive her for not knowing. Why didn't she read the brochures more carefully? Why didn't she ask?

It's even worse when I try to deal with the spiritual interpretation. How much enlightenment and how many spiritual blessings have I missed because of my own ignorance? The admonitions are there: "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." We have been promised "... line upon line, precept upon precept," based on our readiness and our asking.

I can only judge my spiritual awareness by noticing how many blessings come as complete surprises. The prime example is when the priesthood was given to the blacks. Even though I counted a black woman among my best friends, I am ashamed to think how little asking of the Lord I did.

The price for salvation has already been paid. It's the price of ignorance that appalls me. I may be dining on cheese and crackers while others are eating steak.

Cheryl Davis Howard
Medford, Massachusetts

TEXAS RETREAT

As darkness fell on April 19, 1985, cars full of LDS women were converging on Hiday Lake in Tyler, Texas. We wended our way through the winding streets to find Trish Dahl's house. There, it was rumored, Molly Bennion had planned a retreat for *Exponent II* readers in the South. Some of us thought that the best way to find Trish's elusive house might be to drive around with our windows open, singing loudly "Freedom's Daughters." We would then stop at the house where we heard the applause.

Most of the twenty sisters who gathered were from the Houston-Dallas area, but some were from as far west as Santa Fe and Flagstaff. Others had driven from Baton Rouge and New Orleans. Although a wide spectrum of ages, professions, political, and religious views were present, a tight bond of sisterhood quickly formed.

The food was superb. Trish Dahl is literally a professional when it comes to food. She had preplanned tasty, nutritious, easy-to-prepare meals. Everyone pitched in to cook and clean. The accommodations were also excellent. Some stayed at Trish's house, and the rest were put up in apartments owned by the resort. Various sisters brought big pillows and folding chairs so that we'd all fit into Trish's living room for discussions.

Friday night we introduced ourselves and explained why we were there. This sharing session lasted far into the night. Then there was one bit of excitement when 15-month-old Joseph managed to lock himself and the only key into his room,

with Mom and Grandma on the wrong side of the door. When the housebreaking skills of numerous sisters proved ineffective, he was finally released by the police.

Saturday morning, Molly read Margaret Toscano's paper from a recent Sunstone Theological Symposium. Her thesis was that women had literally received the priesthood in the early Church but had not been ordained to specific offices. Toscano stated that Joseph Smith had included women in the Quorum of the Anointed, an administrative body. The discussion ranged widely on priesthood issues. Some sisters were satisfied by the status quo, while others wanted to hold and to use the spiritual power of the priesthood in blessing and serving others. Toscano's conclusion, which advocated patience, touched many. Although she firmly believes that women should eventually be brought into the leading councils of the Church, she is not clamoring for immediate action. Instead, she is waiting with charity for God to act.

We also discussed how to deal with the petty and annoying problems in life--while keeping an eternal perspective. Some solutions, such as having a close relationship with the Savior, serving others, and keeping a positive mental attitude might seem simple, but when they were suggested by mature sisters, they appeared to be solutions that had been tried and tested.

Reading and pondering were mentioned several times as suggested ways to overcome despair. Many women preferred original sources in Church

history left to us from the Arrington era. Others read the entire spectrum of LDS publications from the *New Era* to *Sunstone*.

A third session dealt with doubting. Richard Poll's Iron Rod/Liahona sermon was mentioned as one of the first publicized statements that the Church had room for (and needed) devout doubters. According to Poll, asking questions is okay. His article helped me to stay in the Church when I felt surrounded on all sides by inflexible "Iron Rods." I have felt much more at home in the Church since I realized that I wasn't alone. Other sisters expressed similar opinions by saying that it was easier to be "liberal" in the Church today. We decided that study, pondering, and prayer help to resolve some specific doubts but, for a "Liahona," all doubts never disappear.

The visual and olfactory highlight of the trip occurred on Saturday afternoon when we visited the Tyler Rose Gardens. The gardens are in a natural amphitheater through which we wandered in small groups.

Sunday morning was devoted to a Quaker Meeting where we shared our thoughts and feelings. Throughout the weekend, spontaneous discussions occurred over a variety of subjects ranging from suicide to sexual practices.

As we shared our problems, doubts, and joys, a bond of sisterhood was forged, and love for the gospel and for each other radiated in the house like a steady light. A tradition has been created. There will be another Retreat in 1986.

Suzanne R. Hawes
New Orleans, Louisiana

ON EVEN GROUND

Visiting relatives necessitated a juggling of sleeping accommodations. Jim and I found ourselves sleeping on a queen-size mattress on the floor. It was delightful to be able to sleep face to face on even ground. There was no sag in the mattress. Weight was not a factor. Normally, I find myself sleeping downhill if I face toward Jim, which is only comfortable if he turns over and I can cuddle up to his back or if I turn over and sleep uphill and he cuddles up to my back. Over the years we have become very accustomed to the "cuddle-back" position, and we both enjoy being either "cuddlee" or "cuddler."

We seem to sense, however, that the real essence of our eternal marriage is a relationship that is face to face on even ground. Eternally there is no sag, and weight is not a factor, but there are numerous occasions during this earth life when we find ourselves in the "cuddle-back" relationship. Neither one of us is threatened by the position of supporting role; in fact, we assume the role of cuddler quite aggressively, supporting the uphill cuddlee.

There are a lot of uphill and downhill relationships that are the result of weight--physical, social, political weight. Weight is a function

of gravity, which is a function of the temporal, mortal (telestial) atmosphere of our earth. Weight is a part of "opposition in all things," making our uphill/downhill relationships a part of "opposition in all things."

Even ground is part of another sphere, another life (before and after this one). We all are on even ground or equal before our Heavenly Father. Weight is mitigated by the Atonement. We all have need of the Savior's sacrifice: We are all dependent on Him, and we all find life in Him. God already knows--we already know--how we deal with even-ground relationships. The more influence the Holy Ghost has in our interpersonal relationships, the greater sense we have of even ground.

Face to face on even ground is the true nature of our spiritual relationships with each other. Just as the spiritual nature of the Holy Ghost allows Him to be in more than one place/position at a time, so does an understanding of this truth free us to delight in the cuddle-back relationship--as cuddlee or as cuddler.

Chris Ellison
Blackfoot, Idaho

GOODBYE AND THANKS

Linda Powell is stepping down from her responsibilities as Financial Manager of *Exponent II*. She assumed the position five years ago when we were on the brink of financial insolvency. With her leadership and technical expertise, Linda stabilized our finances by creating a realistic budget based on an analysis of our credits and debits and a forecast of our future income and outgo. She has encouraged us to initiate a marketing program to give us a larger financial base and a fund-raising program to allow us to purchase word processing equipment to upgrade our production system. She has instituted a bookkeeping system and a financial committee to insure future accountability.

Linda is a dedicated worker. She has brought professionalism and expertise to an organization that was strong in commitment and devotion but weak in fiscal policy. Our long-term survival is enhanced by her efforts. We appreciate the strength, dedication, and friendship that Linda has brought to us and wish her happiness and success in her future endeavors.

Roslyn Udall
Belmont, Massachusetts

MY "WHITED SEPULCHRE"

Somewhere between the dust-free perfection of Daryl V. Hoole's *Do and Date Diary* style of living and being shut down by the public health officials, I steer a random course through my custodial duties as a wife and mother in Zion. I haven't always lived this way. But then, I haven't always had children. After ten years of motherhood, my fondest memories of single life are not glamour and stimulus of career and paycheck, but rather the quiet, order, and privacy: clothes folded neatly in drawers, books shelved according to my own involved plan, a museum-like quality to the apartment. Neither stacks and piles of clutter nor the several parts of dismantled matchbox cars have ever been my idea of a harmonious environment.

In those single days, I was confident that I could maintain the museum-like quality with three or four hours of housework a week. It was simply a matter of discipline and organization. Cooking and cleaning have never been creative outlets for me, but neither do I hate doing them. I don't mind getting my house in order; I just can't get it to stay that way.

Even after we had four children, I was still shocked by the discovery that all the darling, clever people whom I now lived with also created messes and scutwork on a level heretofore unimaginable. Most days, I feel like some heavy equipment operator in West Berlin, still shoveling away from World War II. A few hours cleaning a week isn't sufficient any more. So I've developed my own "Whited Sepulchre" approach to housework and life with children: maximum order attainable with minimum energy expended.

I keep the kitchen counters cleared, swab out the bathrooms every morning, make the beds that can be seen from the front hall, close all cupboards, drawers, and doors, and never allow the children in the front room after family prayer at 8:00 A.M. When they have left, I run the vacuum over the crumbs and bits and call it good. Deep clean sounds like an obscene movie to me. I do as much housework as I can stand and some extra now and then for character development. I haven't decided whether I really do hate housework or am just lazy. But after finishing the day's minimums, I prefer a tour of the Botanic Gardens or the Museum of Natural History with Jonathan, aged three, or slowly reading and underlining *The Rise of American Civilization*.

The only cleaning job that I'm fanatic about is keeping the bacteria count down around the toilets. The little boys can deposit solid wastes where it belongs, but since they have begun standing to urinate, we have had two choices for household scent: urine or Pinesol.

My husband upbraids me for my cavalier treatment of windows. His mother is devoted to her windows. So are our neighbors. I can wave to any one of them on my way out during any week in the year as they do the insides and the outsides. For me, the primary duty of any self-respecting window cover is to hide the dirt. If the covering also happens to be part of an aesthetically pleasing decorating scheme, then the gods have been kind. Children, pets, and aesthetics are not a workable combination at our house. Our windows have been washed twice in the six years since we moved in. I remember

doing every single one six weeks before Jonathan was born, hoping that such unusual activity would bring on delivery. (After the seventh month, I always feel I have done my gestational duty. Doing the windows didn't bring on labor, of course.) Two years after, I hired a girl to do them all again. She was earning the money for a ticket to Hollywood and a show business career. And because she had knocked and specifically asked to do the windows . . .

I scrub the kitchen floor every other week. Grape juice is always and only spilled on a freshly waxed floor. I tried substituting orange slices on mopping days. They don't stain but do leave sticky bits all over the legs of the table and down the front of the refrigerator. Wiping up grape juice is easier, and the stain blends well with the tracked-in mud, dribbled butter, and small gobs of clay that live there in harmony between scrubblings.

While I can ignore, step over, or hide most of the messes that the children make, I have yet to discover a solution to mealtime chaos. I once gave a Mother Education lesson in Relief Society on mealtime manners. For comic relief, the good sisters who write the manuals have yet to come up to its equal, however unintentional its humor may have been. The best part was the line, "Flurry is the enemy of gracious dining." Every mother knows perfectly well that the enemy of gracious dining is children. We don't need a centerpiece for our table; we need a lackey willing to supervise the revolting ordeal of sitting with small children so that my husband and I can dine alone. The lesson contained the classic line that children learn from our example. Nonsense. I have never tried to balance a full glass of milk on my fork, squeezed a hard-boiled egg through my fingers, or tucked broccoli under the rim of my plate. And neither has my husband. Nor has he once greeted me at the table with, "Yuk!" "Gross!" or "I'm not eating any of that stuff!"

I used to feel uneasy about my "Whited Sepulchre" method until my brother explained to me a pertinent law of thermodynamics: entropy. Entropy is the degree of disorder in a given system. While disorder always increases in a closed system, said Dean, energy diminishes. Our family room is the basic closed system. After I have brow-beaten any two children into picking up the hundreds of pieces of two complete sets of Leggo 400 or given up and done it myself, the natural law of entropy dictates that those same pieces will again be scattered all over the room by those same or two other children. And, energy depleted, I will be too pooped to pick them all up again. Randomness, clutter, and disorder are natural states requiring energy before order can be restored. But, after the morning minimums, I'm out of energy--also a natural state for me.

Because I was never very good at science, I am as bored with the natural laws as I am with the mess. And therefore, while neither wildly fulfilling nor particularly efficient, the random approach to housework has become, for me, a compromise method for surviving the natural state of the house with any degree of sanity.

Sharon Pedersen
Ballwin, Missouri

AMBER BEADS

I remember attending school in a one-room building. We had double-seated desks, and Mabel Martineau was my seat-mate. During the summer, we roamed fields, waded through ditches, rode horses, and drove cows. We ate alfalfa stocks and milkweed rose-seed pods all summer. We played games like "No Bears Around," and "Prisoner's Base." Sarah Wanda Rees sat near me. She had big braids of blond hair that were always combed nicely. She kept her notebooks so much neater than mine.

On the first day of school, I wore a dress that hung from a full yoke, black stockings, and black shoes. I wore my hair in braids. As I walked along the back of the school room, I saw Miss Cassidy sitting at the front, a watch chain hung from her neck--the watch pinned to her bosom. She was very neat and prim. I remember wondering about her full bust and about how fat she was. I had never noticed how differently shaped men and women were.

I really enjoyed school lunches. We didn't have waxed paper or paper napkins, only newspaper (a semi-weekly news). We had little lard buckets for our lunch pails. Mine was often filled with a pork sandwich, a cookie, a scone, and an apple.

I remember when I got my first slate. Mother bought a double slate that she cut in two. She gave me one half and a slate pencil. How I loved that slate. I loved to sit at the table with the older ones in the evening. I felt so rich--a new slate and a new book.

Then the spelling bee started. Any child could have learned to spell if they had a mother like mine. She called me to her knee each evening and gave me rows of spelling. At the end of the week, the words that I couldn't spell were given to me over and over, until I learned them all. When I became the spelling champ, Miss Cassidy put a strand of large amber beads around my neck. They were real amber, and mother said that she could see them up the road shining in the sunlight as I came from school. On spelling night, she would watch to see if I still had them on when I came home. I wore them all winter. I wished that Miss Cassidy had let me keep the beads forever, but she didn't.

The amber beads have beaoned to me all my life. There have been goals that I've tried to reach--some better even than the amber beads. I've felt that zealous, overpowering effort and interest that mother made us all feel many times when trying to reach my goals. But now I know that I could have reached the "Amber Beads" in all things if I had not given up or been satisfied with less.

Maude Clark White
Perry, Utah

Editor's Note: Maude Clark White grew up in Benson Ward, Utah, attended the Brigham Young College in Cache Valley, taught grammar school in Perry, Utah, where she met Roy White. They married and settled in Perry, raised seven well-fed and poetified children, and were active in community affairs, politics, and the Church. Sister White died in 1964; her essay was submitted by Paul Dredge.



Having a Form of Godliness

"Signs of the Times" is a phrase that often evokes tales of wars and famines and disease and gore to make even the strongest stomach turn or tales of such evil and vile behavior that we prepare to look ourselves in, convinced that only our food storage and the second coming can save us from our neighbors. These connotations have never held much interest for me.

I do, however, believe that there are such things as signs of the times, and one sign has particular significance to women. It is a sign uttered by Paul in 2 Timothy 3:5: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemous [he lists at least a dozen more evils] . . . *having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof*" (emphasis mine).

What does this mean, to have "a form of godliness," but to deny "the power thereof"? There have been many interpretations of this statement, most of them lumped under the heading "sexual sins." But what about a literal interpretation? In light of Church doctrine about our origins as literal descendants of God and our eventual destiny as gods, this seems like a natural and logical interpretation.

Now if we can make the assumption, with Paul, that one sign of the latter days is that people will deny their own godliness and its power and that this is to be avoided, what does that mean for us as we enter into full adulthood in these latter days? Doesn't it mean that we all, as women, need to learn all we can about our godliness and begin to recognize and exercise the power associated with that godliness?

That idea seemed so natural and so full of hope and joy for me some time ago that I began my own personal search for role models to teach me about my godliness and my potential for some-

day becoming a goddess. After all, how can one begin to exercise the power of godliness without first becoming aware of what being "godly" is? Straightaway I ran into problems. First of all I began with the assumption that since I was a child of God, a daughter of God, then the best place to begin finding out about the godliness within me was from my Heavenly Parents because I inherited my godliness from my Heavenly Parents, as their literal offspring, as their daughter. Also, because I am obviously female and have had some experiences in mortality that are exclusively female, like periods and pregnancy and labor and delivery and nursing and caring so intensely about my role as mother, I thought it might be nice to know what it's like to be both a god and a woman—a mother who continues to be a mother at the same time that she is a god and a woman and who can certainly from her vast experience shed a little light on the subject of being both a woman/mother and also being god-like. How nice it would be if mothers had a little bit of information. There is not one mother who hasn't cried deep within herself for that knowledge, who hasn't been in anguish because she doesn't know enough. There is not one mother who has not, in some way, cried out for knowledge about her Heavenly Mother. What does it mean to be an eternal and godly woman? From whom shall I learn?

Eliza R. Snow reflects this search for her Heavenly Mother in the words to the song "O My Father,"

In the heavens are parents single?
No! The thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason, truth eternal
Tells me I've a Mother there.

I think that it is interesting that this song, written in 1843, is the first direct and conclusive statement about the existence of a Heavenly Mother recorded anywhere that I could

find in the history of the Jewish or Christian world. I think that it is more than just interesting; I think that it is utterly astounding! There is no direct reference to our Heavenly Mother or God who is the Mother, God the Mother, anywhere in all of recorded scripture.

When I came face to face with the reality of it and realized what it meant to me personally, I was astonished that it should be so. How can we hope to become like someone, how can any woman of the whole Christian world hope to become like someone of whom there is no definitive, authoritative confirmation of existence. As far as the scriptures are concerned, She does not exist. We have no direct statement of Her existence. Thank goodness for Eliza R. Snow!

Now why should we have no record of our Heavenly Mother? I'm not the only one who has asked that question, and there is a little theory going around the Church that tries to answer that question. It goes something like this: "We don't know more about our Heavenly Mother because Heavenly Father doesn't want us to besmirch Her good name like we have besmirched His." Now on the surface this theory sounds pretty nice, even loving, and I'm sure whoever first thought of it meant to explain the problem in the most loving way that he could think of. But it can't possibly be true.

Why don't we know more about our Heavenly Mother? As I tried to answer this question for myself, I could think of three possible answers.

First, because God won't let us know about Her. This kind of answer implies several qualities of God that need to be examined. First of all, why would a father deny his wife access to her children? What father would forbid the mother of his children to go to them when they cry out for her? Don't we need Her example today—Her example of pure womanhood? The theory that I just mentioned is an attempt to explain why a father would do such a thing—to keep his wife from being hurt and defiled by her children. That's all very fine until we examine the underlying quality implied in this theory or any theory that falls into the category of "God won't let us know about Her." The implication is that God the Father makes all the decisions, that He has more power than God the Mother. As little as we know about our Heavenly Mother, we do know something about the status of gods, both male and female, that shows that the idea that Heavenly Father is more powerful than Heavenly Mother simply is not true. In teaching about the eventual destiny of men and women, Joseph Smith stated in Doctrine and Covenants 132:20,

Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power . . .

Now he didn't say that only the men will be above all and that only the men should have all power. He said *they*—meaning both men and women. If our Heavenly Mother, as goddess, is both all powerful as well as being above all, being subject to no other power, then God the Father cannot be more powerful than She. They are equal.

So we must ask once again, "Why don't we know more about our Heavenly Mother? We can see now that it is not Heavenly Father who is to blame. Even if He were to decide that our Mother shouldn't come to us when we need Her, which I don't believe that He would decide, it is abundantly clear that He hasn't the power to enforce that decision. If She wanted us to know more about Her, then She has the power and authority to act for Herself in that decision.

This leads to the second possibility: Perhaps Heavenly Mother won't let us know more about her.

Right away you can begin to see the flaws in that answer. What Mother would withhold herself from her children? What mother would deny her daughters all the wisdom and knowledge that she has gained, leaving them alone without an example of perfected and perfecting womanhood? What woman would turn her back on the product of her own creative labor?

How close and how personal an investment our Heavenly Mother has in us is evident in the Pearl of Great Price: "So the Gods went down to organize man in their own image, in the image of the Gods to form they him, male and female to form they them." (Abraham 4:27)

We've been taught that we are the literal

spiritual offspring of our Heavenly Mother and Heavenly Father. But few of us consider Her active, creative, powerful participation in the creation of this world. Abraham gives us the greatest clue to Her deep investment in our mortal welfare. He said that the Gods went down to form man in their own image, in the image of the Gods, male and female. Now without question the work of creation was done by more than one god; the word *Gode* is very definite. Beyond that, if a god were to create a human in its own image and that human were female, then the god whose image the female is patterned after must also be female. The Gods, male and female, created the humans, male and female.

Heavenly Mother is a creator. This is Her world. We are Her daughters. It would be absurd to say or even think that She would choose to absent Herself from us, to turn Her back on Her own creation, Her own children. Nor would She be afraid of us or what we could say about Her. She is our creator!

I think it is safe to say that neither Heavenly Father nor Heavenly Mother has the desire to hide from us essential knowledge that would help us toward our eternal goals. Then why don't we know more about Heavenly Mother? I could think of only one reason. If Heavenly Father will not and cannot prevent us from knowing Her and if Heavenly Mother has no reason to hide Herself from us, then the only place left to look for the answer is within ourselves. Mankind itself has hidden from and denied itself this divine knowledge. We've often heard the statement, "God doesn't move away from man, man moves away from God." How have we moved away from God our Mother, and for that matter, from God our Father, and from this essential knowledge?

We have been given the answer to that question innumerable times in the story of the Fall. In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve walked and talked with God. I have no doubts that both Gods, our Heavenly Mother and our Heavenly Father, were present with them in the Garden. However, when they fell, Bruce R. McConkie tells us that they "fell both spiritually and temporally. Spiritual death entered the world, meaning that man was cast out of the presence of the Lord and died as pertaining to the things of the Spirit which are the things of righteousness." (Bruce R. McConkie, *Mormon Doctrine*, Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1966, pp. 268-69.) Mankind left the presence of the Gods when Adam and Eve fell.

What is it about the conditions of mortality and our behavior as a human family that prevents us from regaining our knowledge about and becoming enough like them to re-enter the presence of the Gods--to really know them, especially our Heavenly Mother? Many prophets have described how we separate ourselves from God by putting our hearts into the things of this world. Alma stated it in this way: "Behold, O God, they cry unto thee, and yet their hearts are swallowed up in their pride. Behold, O God, they cry unto thee with their mouths, while they are puffed up, even to greatness with the *vain things of the world*." (Alma 31:27, emphasis mine) Alma describes the things of this world as vain. The dictionary defines vain as "lacking substance or worth; hollow; idle; without effect or avail; to no use or purpose."

In Colossians, we read, "Set your affection on things above, *Not on things on the earth*." (Colossians 3:2, emphasis mine) Aside from the usual "things" that we think of when we think of "things of the world," what are the key "things" belonging to this world, to this earth, that have no eternal purpose or use, that we set our hearts on? What are those "things" that serve to keep us in ignorance about our Heavenly Mother and who our Heavenly Father is in relationship to this wonderful, creative, powerful being?

Let us go back to the story of Adam and Eve.

According to the story recorded in both Genesis and in the book of Moses, God speaks to them before they leave the Garden and tells them some of the conditions that they will encounter in mortality. To Adam, He says,

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." (Genesis 3:17-19)

God didn't say, "This is going to be a wicked world where there will be envyings and murder

and power struggles and wars and all manner of atrocities and other things of this world that will prevent you from knowing Me, all because men will try to gain power and wealth and dominion." But it doesn't take much imagination to see how this condition of mortality, this necessity to provide food and shelter and to provide it by continual struggle with the elements can lead to conflict and envy and greed and covetousness. It would seem so much easier to take from your brother what he has gained through his hard work than to do the hard work yourself. As the situation grows and mushrooms and as the definitions of "possessions" increases and as men begin to mark off their territories, we can see that things can escalate to the state of wars and murders and atrocities. But it did not begin this way. It began with the mortal, worldly condition that man would have to work to provide for himself.

It is easy to see how this condition of mortality can separate man from God by providing fertile ground for envy and greed. But there is also another way that it separates man from God. To understand this other way let us examine the "worldliness" of this situation. In the Garden, we know that Adam did not have to "eat his bread by the sweat of his brow." We know that when the earth returns to its paradisaical glory that it will not be a place infested with thorns and thistles, but a place where men will receive bounteously of the earth. We know that God does not have to spend His time milking cows or plowing fields or driving trucks or selling insurance or attending business meetings. We know that this condition of the earth is mortal, is not eternal, is fallen, and will come eventually to an end. Work, in the sense that we know it here on the earth is not an eternal condition, nor is it part of God's life. It is of this world. It is of this earth. As long as men have to work under the conditions this world offers, they cannot live the life of a god. They cannot do God's work. Now, all of us know what God's work is. It is to bring glory to others. It is to nurture and love and teach and succor His tender children. In this life, if men did not find it necessary to spend so much time providing, their energies could be spent nurturing, fathering, loving, teaching, healing. In other words, they could begin to live the life of a god, of a father, and thereby, begin to *know* God, to obtain their birthright.

I think it absolutely necessary to recognize that just as the conditions that were shown to Adam were not eternal, but are of this world, so also are the conditions that were shown to Eve not eternal, but are of this world. They have an end. God told her "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." (Genesis 3:16) We can all hope and pray and work for the day when we not only bring children into life without pain but also without the sorrow of knowing that we are bringing them into a mortal, imperfect world. But let us also work for the day when we can lift Eve and her daughters from the condition of being subject unto their husbands, that they should rule over them.

We know that to live the life of a goddess, to be a goddess, is to live in a state where we are subject to no other power, for we are above all, all powerful. As long as we, as women, live in a world where we are subject unto men, then we cannot begin to live the creative, powerful, dynamic life of a goddess. We cannot begin to know who our Heavenly Mother is because we cannot find Her total self within our own being.

We can also easily see the magnitude of evils that have generated from the condition of women being subject unto men--rape and pornography, the bartering of wives and concubines like so many pieces of property, humiliating and enslaving customs, traditions, and legal declarations to more subtle discrimination in our professional, educational, and religious systems. A real list of atrocities perpetrated against women because they are subject to the men who rule over them would make the bloody stories of the last days look pale beside them.

We need to be concerned about these blatant evils that spin out from the condition of women being subject unto men, just as we are concerned with the evils that spin out from the condition of Adam and his descendants being subject to a very harsh world.

But we also need to be concerned with what this condition does in denying us access to our Heavenly Mother and the goddess within us. Just as we can see that so long and to such a degree as the sons of Adam give their lives to the mortal, worldly condition of "work" they are in

like degree kept from living the "eternal" life of a god, so can we also see that so long and to such a degree as the daughters of Eve live in the mortal, worldly state of subjection, so also are they kept from living in the "eternal" state of a goddess.

There is much that we can do to begin to undo this state of affairs. Jesus has told us, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." (Matthew 5:48) And I hasten to add, as your Mother in Heaven is perfect. We must begin.

The first thing that we can do is to begin to examine our own lives and our own expectations. Do we over-emphasize, do we even idolize, the worldly roles that we assume? Do we think of and encourage the idea that it is the male realm to provide, to administer, to govern, to dominate, in effect, to give most of their lives to the things of this world? Possessions, subjects, titles, kingdoms, and dominions are worldly symbols. Love, trust, agency, nurture--these are symbols of eternity. Let us bring our men out of the world and into their families and into the human family where there is no need for titles and authority, only pure, tender love. Let us let our brothers and fathers, husbands and sons find the true God within them. Let us find ways to alleviate, not aggravate, the conditions of mortality.

Let us also, and it is of great importance to do this, examine how we idealize and idolize the subjugated condition of the daughters of Eve. Is it not setting our hearts on the things of this world to lock ourselves into roles of subjection where we not only accept, but also declare, that this is our lawful place. It is unholy to think of our Heavenly Mother, that creative, powerful, wonderful Being, as a person fit for subjugation. It is equally unholy to think so little of our own selves, of our own inherited possibilities as fit for lawful subjugation. "Let your light so shine," Jesus said. Do not hide it under a bushel. Do not deny yourself your birthright. Begin to become a goddess. Be creative, have ideas. Speak with your own divine authority, live with power. Begin to *be*.

If we will fight against the things of this world, if we will begin to allow the sons of Adam and the daughters of Eve to live less the life of mortals and more the life of gods, then we can begin to bring the earth to a new paradisaical glory. We can begin to bring about a new heaven and a new earth. We, as daughters of Eve and daughters of our Heavenly Mother, are going to need symbols of strength and courage to bring this to pass.

One hundred and forty years ago, Eliza R. Snow penned the words, "Truth is reason, truth eternal tells me I've a Mother there." Her words have been a symbol of hope for women ever since. But one hundred and forty years have passed. One hundred and forty barren years. We need more words. We need more songs. We need more knowledge. Let us begin to seek out our Heavenly Mother, that we might more fully understand our divine destiny, that we might more fully realize the potential of the human family. Let us speak of Her, search for Her. Let us pray to Her and sing to Her. Let us teach each other. Let us include Her in our worship service. Let us return Her to Her rightful place in our hearts, in the family of gods, in the family of man. Let us bring Her and ourselves up into the light, out of darkness and out of obscurity. Let us begin to become godly and exercise the power thereof.

Nadine Faith
Ashland, Oregon

The preceding article was taken from a talk delivered to a stake girls' camp meeting in Oregon, in August of 1982. The manuscript came to us in a manner reminiscent of the "Vanishing Hitchhiker," and we had to spend a great deal of time trying to track down the author in order to get permission to use it. After talking with many people who had read the speech and been strengthened by it--from a Mormon psychologist who uses quotes from it in counseling sessions with Mormon women patients to a young woman who had heard the talk at the girls' camp meeting--we finally reached the author and received her permission. We thank her for sharing her thoughts and testimony with us.

WASHDAY

I just finished doing a few loads of laundry. No one of my children's generation can understand how tickled I am to have a room just for that purpose, with matching washing machine and dryer, an endless supply of hot water, adequate lighting, solid oak cupboards to hide the Ajax detergent, Clorox brightener, spray starch, fabric finish, steam iron, and pressing cloths. There is no need to put up the ironing board as it is in constant readiness and, on a rack close by, hang permanent press clothes that need just a touch of the iron. On top of the dryer is a stack of multi-colored pastel sheets and towels, store-display folded, fluffy, fresh, and sweet-smelling, ready to be placed on the shelves in the six-foot linen closet next to the neat rows of table linens, bedding, and pillow cases.

Needless to say, I have almost a reverence for modern washday conveniences. But there's a reason. What a change this is from washday when I was a child. Then, an especially hot fire was prepared in the Black Majestic Range and the large copper boiler filled and placed on the stove to heat the water. It seems that I always had the awful job of cutting the home-made soap into chips. Not only did the lye in the soap burn my hands, but the bars were hard as flint, and the knife we used was permanently dull. Sometimes Mama would scrape the blade across the cement steps of the front porch to sharpen it, but that didn't help much. How I struggled to cut that soap! The pressure of the knife left deep red lines on my fingers. Each washday I was convinced those lines would leave my hands permanently disfigured. Finally, though, the soap was ready to be placed in a pan and put on the stove, with water added to liquefy the chips.



In the middle of washing, the kids would come home from school for their dinner, ravenously hungry and hoping the washday standard, apple dumplings, would be ready. Depending on how the stove was drawing, and how many irons Mama had on the fire, the meal was generally on time so we wouldn't be late for our afternoon classes.

Mama had a huge white enamel pan, the bottom of which she'd fill with cut-up chunks of apples. Then she'd add water, sugar, and cinnamon and cook it until the apples were tender. Next she'd place a thick round of baking powder biscuit dough over the apples and steam it until the dough was four or five inches thick and light and fluffy. It was served with a sauce of water, sugar, vinegar, butter, and nutmeg. We loved it!



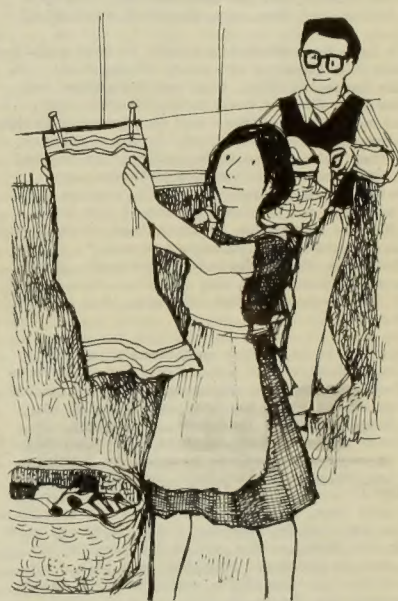
Next the gray, second-hand Maytag wringer washer was moved from the closet adjoining the kitchen, and twin tubs held together by a frame on legs with casters were placed conveniently close to the wringer for a dual rinse—one to get the soap out and a final rinse with bluing added to make the whites whiter than white.

Daddy was always bringing Mama something new to make her household chores more tolerable. It was in 1932, in the middle of the Depression, when Daddy brought home those twin tubs that replaced the old galvanized tubs placed on chairs. Daddy was a salesman and no doubt had traded something for them because money was so scarce everywhere, let alone in the small farming community of Ephraim, Utah.

Because the weekly washday activities spanned several hours and the wringer would often break down and refuse to pull the clothes through, Daddy would stay home to help Mama. He would also be on hand to get more coal and wood to keep the fire going and also to lift the boiler and pour the water into the washing machine. He had real concern for Mama and my sister and me, not wanting us to lift heavy things.

Washday continued after the kids returned to school. Daddy would carry the clothes basket to the lines, which were located to the side of the house about thirty feet from the back door. Mama always made sure that the clothes were hung just right so that they would look nice from the street and that the undergarments were always discreetly hidden.

Sometimes we'd get home from school in time to help drain the washing machine and tubs by carrying buckets full of frothy water into the dooryard. We didn't want to take a chance on pouring all that water into the sink because the cesspool might overflow. After the washer and tubs were dried and put away, the kitchen floor needed to be cleaned and the breakfast dishes washed so that we'd have them ready for supper. There would now be enough hot water in the twenty-gallon tank to take care of other needs. (The tank was attached to the stove by two pipes. One carried cold water to be heated, and the other returned the heated water to the tank and then on to the sink.)



In the winter, late in the day, we'd bring in the partially dried clothes and hang them close to the oven door and on the backs of chairs to finish drying. As I pulled the stiff pairs of long underwear from the line, they looked as though they were already inhabited. (In the spring, milder breezes made them dance. I thought it was a funny sight.) The linens, cold, starched shirts, and some other clothes would be sprinkled, rolled, and then put aside to be ironed the following day.

I often wondered why Mama always pressed the hems of the sheets and ironed the dish towels when she had such a large family. I now understand her fastidiousness; I inherited it. Fortunately, I didn't inherit those old-fashioned inconveniences, and I feel no longing for them as I settle into my comfortable reclining chair next to my smokeless gas fireplace and enjoy the thought of sliding effortlessly under my electric blanket instead of having to heat rocks and flat irons, wrap them in newspapers and cloths, and put them between the sheets to warm the bed. Such simple pleasures are far beyond my wildest dreams of childhood.

Jeanne Winder
Sandy, Utah

Illustrations by Linda Hoffman Kimball

The Christmas Car

Some people called it "the clunker," my children called it "the boat," my husband called it "the beast," but I called it our "driver's ed car." These names all fit because our 1974 green Chevrolet had been in so many wrecks. It had a smashed left fender, a demolished front grill, a bent side-view mirror, a radio that picked up only one station, and a window that leaked. Each dent reminded us of the associated incident, or should I say accident: one teenager took off the corner of the garage and, with it, the front corner of the car, while backing out on the way to take his driver's license test. Another demolished the front end BEFORE she even had her learner's permit. And I have to take credit for bending the side-view mirror. Anyway, it got so that the children were embarrassed to ride in that car, not only because of its many battlescars but also because it was a green Chevy station wagon and definitely not a Porsche or Ferrari or jeep or van.

Eventually the inspection sticker expired, and my husband said that we should no longer drive the car. He said that it wasn't safe, it wasn't legal, and it was certainly unsightly. He drove the car, through back streets, to a dealer in hopes of getting something for our old wreck.

From time to time, as the months went by, I would ask about the status of our old car, but my husband said that no one had offered to buy it--at any price. Finally, after walking or taking the bus or asking for rides--but mostly because I missed my old faithful friend--I said that I had saved \$100 and would like to buy back the old car. My husband just laughed and began to talk about buying a new car. I was opposed, saying that the teenagers would think that it was theirs and that I would still be homebound. Besides, I didn't want the children to have that much independence.

Meanwhile, we were all learning a valuable lesson in sharing. No one had complained; we each sacrificed when necessary; we had learned cooperation. Also, not having a second car made it necessary for each driver to say exactly where he was going and when he would be back, and to mean what he said. Our car was rarely sitting still for more than a few minutes; the engine didn't have time to cool off.

Nostalgically, just two weeks before Christmas, I asked my husband about the old green Chevy, "Just what is going to happen to the old car?"

"Oh, I think that I'll just give it away," he said, and I gave a sigh and thought, "Some lucky person."

Two days before Christmas I heard a car drive up and the kids all said, "It's Dad, and he's driving a different car." My heart sank. He came in and said, "Well, it's in the garage, and it's your Christmas present."

"If it's a jeep, I won't know how to shift all those gears."

"It's not a jeep, and you will be able to drive it."

I became resigned and put on my coat. There in the darkened garage was my Christmas present--a 1974 green Chevrolet station wagon. The dents were gone, the front grill restored, the mirror fixed, and it was full of gas! The radio still only tuned in one station, but that was all right; decisions just confuse me, anyway. A new inspection sticker was on the windshield, so it must have passed. I chuckled all the way down the road. It was like being with an old friend. Finally, I had a car that no one would want to borrow. I thought of the old Arab proverb. "The way to make someone happy is to take something away and then give it back."

Ruth Dickson
Salt Lake City, Utah

The Dress

It was two days before the high school Christmas dance and, according to my daughter, EVERYONE was getting a new dress. She had shopped for weeks for the perfect outfit, with and without friends, with and without me, but unsuccessfully. Here it was, two days before, and still no dress.

"I've been to every store I can think of," she said, "except one, and I hear things are really expensive there."

We decided to try, anyway. And there it was: the perfect dress! Perfect color, style, fit, everything--except the price: \$220. She and I both knew that was out of the question.

As we left the store, she said, "Mom, I know you could make a dress like that one--easy."

I was not so sure, but I was flattered enough to let her talk me into the fabric store, into a very complicated wedding dress pattern with lots of gathered ruffles, a fully lined bodice, an underskirt, and lots and lots of headaches. The cloth, pattern, zipper, linings, and thread all came to \$53.49--more than every dress that she had tried on except, of course, THE dress. We weren't saving a cent, and I still had at least two full days of constant sewing ahead. I didn't sleep well that night and was weary before I dusted off the sewing machine the next morning.

As I cut out and pinned and sewed and pressed, it brought back memories of my own mother's sewing. I remembered falling asleep at night to the whirr of my mother's knee-operated Singer as she sewed into the wee hours. I was told that, as a toddler, my mother would ask what I would like her to bring me from downtown and I would reply, "Terial." I remembered standing on a chair while, with pins in her mouth, she leveled the wooden yardstick against my leg to

even a hem. I remembered feeling the prick of some of the pins still in the hem as I walked out the door, removing basting stitches as I sat wearing the dress in church, or having threads hanging down my legs at the dance.

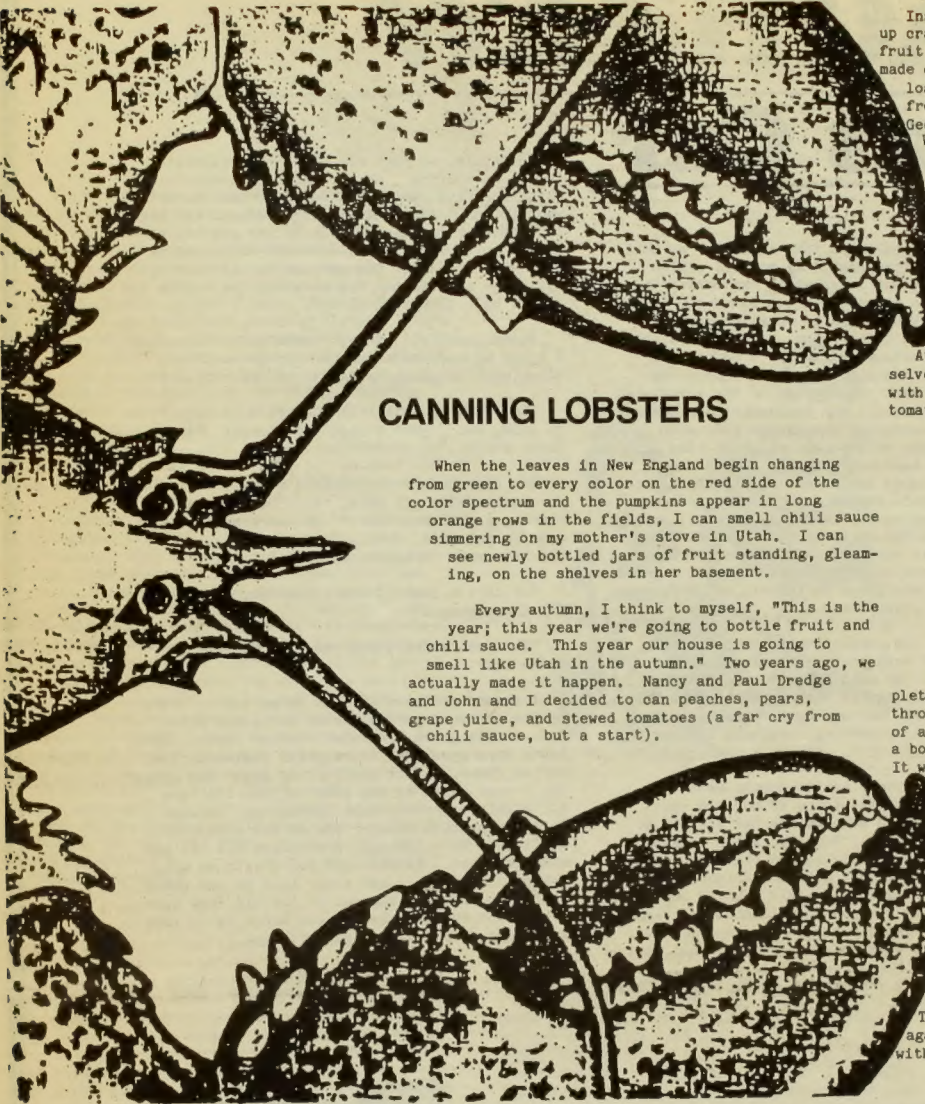
My brother often said that when he got married there would be no sewing in his home. He wasn't going to have any pattern pieces on the table or basting threads on the end of the ironing board or pins here and there on the floor. After only one month of marriage, he bought his new non-sewing bride a sewing machine, which she never learned to thread, but which came in handy when he made his daughter's costumes for Halloween or the school play, mended ski pants, repaired the curtains, or adjusted the hem on his wife's dresses.

Now, as I basted the ruffles on my daughter's Christmas dress, I realized what this creative process meant to me. In spite of the difficult pattern and confusing instructions and no time for other things, there was a spirit of comradeship, a cooperation by everyone, a feeling of togetherness. My daughter fixed dinner for the family; my husband did the dishes; and afterward, my daughter said, "I'm going to stay home tonight and help you sew." She gathered the neckline while I pinned the skirt, and we talked and joked. She said, "You know, Mom, since this is a wedding dress pattern, if I have to get married in a hurry, we'll have the dress already made." I wasn't comforted.

With the help and cooperation of everyone, the dress was ready before time. She pranced around the room and had her father take pictures from several angles.

Making the dress didn't save us any money, and, frankly, it really didn't look exactly like the \$220 store dress. I doubt if she will wear it much, and I hope not soon as a wedding dress, but it brought us a gift that no credit card can buy.

Ruth Dickson
Salt Lake City, Utah



CANNING LOBSTERS

When the leaves in New England begin changing from green to every color on the red side of the color spectrum and the pumpkins appear in long orange rows in the fields, I can smell chili sauce simmering on my mother's stove in Utah. I can see newly bottled jars of fruit standing, gleaming, on the shelves in her basement.

Every autumn, I think to myself, "This is the year; this year we're going to bottle fruit and chili sauce. This year our house is going to smell like Utah in the autumn." Two years ago, we actually made it happen. Nancy and Paul Dredge and John and I decided to can peaches, pears, grape juice, and stewed tomatoes (a far cry from chili sauce, but a start).

Instead of being able to drive along picking up crates or bushels of tree- and vine-ripened fruit from our favorite Utah roadside stands, I made one trip to the Waltham Fruit Company's loading docks to pick up cardboard boxes of fruit from everywhere but New England: peaches from Georgia, tomatoes from Florida, pears from Washington, grapes from California.

We hauled all of it, our huge canner, and all the boxes of canning jars that we could find over to Nancy's and Paul's kitchen for the big event. We were all sure that we could finish off two boxes of peaches, two boxes of pears, two crates of grapes, and two boxes of tomatoes in one night. After all, hadn't all those jars in rows in basements in Utah just sort of appeared over night?

At midnight, the *first* night, we found ourselves up to our elbows in peach and tomato skins with six bottles of peaches and six bottles of tomatoes standing in a straggly row. The kitchen and the house (their five and our two children had been babysitting each other and "helping" peel an occasional peach) were a MESS! (We had even managed to melt down a plastic knob on the top of the stove.) And we had piles of fruit left.

But would we be defeated--No! Recreating a memory was rapidly becoming a crusade.

Four, or was it five, nights later, after working at four different jobs all day, every day, and working at canning until midnight every night, the end was in sight. There was one canner-load of pears left to do. The memory was nearly completed, and the joys of eating our own bounty through the winter lay ahead. But we needed more of a pat on the back, and somehow sitting down to a bowl of freshly bottled pears wasn't enough. It was at this point that we changed the memory.

As we pulled the last rack of bottles out of the boiling water, we gave our canner back its New England identity. We threw a lobster for everyone into the pear-flavored water. At midnight, we sat down to our crustacean feast, crowning our collection of pear skins and sticky counter tops and floors with empty lobster claws and tails and butter-soaked paper plates.

Now when I see the leaves beginning to turn and the pumpkins beginning to ripen, I smell chili sauce simmering--and lobsters boiling. This year our canner will serve its dual purpose again, and we'll eat our pear-flavored lobsters--with chili sauce on the side.

Sue Paxman
Cambridge, Massachusetts

PIZZA

During the past fourteen years it has been the longest-standing debate in our relationship: How should we divide the pizza equally? Until she came along I had dated few girls to whom the question was even relevant. Most dates had a slice or two and I got to eat the rest myself. "Have some more pizza," I would say.

"Oh, no. I couldn't eat another bite. I'm stuffed." That sort of thing.

However, I had ultimately fallen for a girl with high metabolism. She had so many good qualities--she wrote, she read, she laughed at things that were funny and not at things that weren't--but she also wanted half the pizza, even when we ordered a large.

To her, equal meant half. To me this was outrageous. I was so much bigger than she was. "The pizza would be split evenly if we both consumed an equal percentage of our daily caloric intake," I reasoned.

She wouldn't go for it. "Half is half and fair is fair, and, besides, you're overweight. You need to cut down on your calories."

Other times I argued, "My mouth is larger than yours. Equal should be the same number of bites, or the same amount of time chewing."

She reminded me, "You gulp your food. You take fewer bites in a whole pizza than I do in a slice."

Nevertheless, I knew and longed for my traditional male rights. Equal should mean that we have both given up the same amount of presumed privilege. We should survey men and women in the pizza parlors of America and determine the average percentage of the pizza eaten by members of each sex. After that, I'd be willing to make some concessions in the name of fairness and her high basal metabolic rate, but she would need to recognize the great psychological cost to my male ego of going "halvesies." Between my ego and her longing for an egalitarian world there should be a point of equal costs.

That line of logic didn't get very far either. Somehow the fact that I was overweight always got in the way. Her eating my pizza got turned into some sort of perverse favor--something that she did for my good, to increase my health and life-span.

Although I suspected that she might be right, I still suffered from a sense of loss. Other men didn't have to go through this; why should I? It was easy to feel sorry for myself and to forget the good things, the "soul" things, about our relationship that many other men never got an opportunity to go through either.

At times, when I dwelt on the problem, I would catch myself fantasizing about having pizza with another woman. I knew there would be nothing personal in it. No conversation about important ideas, no discussion of things that we'd read

or heard, no little plays on words or our own foibles, but I would get "my share" of the pizza.

When I returned to my rational self, the memories of these daydreams embarrassed and concerned me. *Surely*, I wouldn't let a pizza get in the way of a perfectly superior relationship. But then the word *surely* turned to a fleeting thought of a long-forgotten Shirley and her dainty manner.

It was insane. I had everything a man could want--home, family, recognition, intimacy--everything but what I had determined to be my rightful share of the pizza. Why was I so obsessed over a mere wedge of pepperoni, cheese, tomato sauce, and crust?

She didn't seem to understand what the pizza meant to a dark-sided corner of me. Or, perhaps, I was simply out of control on this issue. We could have talked about it. We talked about many things. Perhaps it would have turned out like the time she surprised me, after a discussion, by cutting the entire heart out of a watermelon and letting me eat it by myself. I felt guilty doing it--but I did it; and it did help me get over my insecurities about people cutting convex circles out of the middle of the melon.

Still, talking about it right then seemed a little silly, or a little too close to the ego. I decided that I'd wait. We would continue the long-standing debate.

Tom Draper
Provo, Utah

The following is an excerpt of a scene from a play entitled *Auld Acquaintance* by Margaret R. Munk of Silver Spring, Maryland. We would like to have published the play in its entirety, but space constraints prevented us from doing so. Because we felt that it was timely and that the characters were well drawn, we wanted to share part of it with you.

Heather McKay and Elaine Dixon meet again one evening, backstage at a theater in Philadelphia. Heather has just finished a performance as a member of the cast of a successful Broadway play, now on tour. Elaine has come to the theater, not knowing Heather is in the play. After the final curtain drops, Elaine goes to Heather's dressing room, and the two catch up on the intervening seventeen years.

Elaine had been Heather's visiting teacher in a BYU ward when they were both mothers of small children. Through a series of flashbacks, we see some of the significant events in their lives. Although Heather had been active in the theater while in college, she found that she had little time for acting when she married and started a family. She began to feel trapped. After her fourth child, Heather could no longer deny herself artistic expression and left her family to pursue a stage career.

Elaine, one of the people who helped take care of Heather's children after she left, is the mother of six children and has spent her life as a frustrated writer. The demands of family and church have given her little time to devote to her writing. Through the years, Elaine has wondered whether or not Heather has found success and happiness. Elaine looks at this meeting with Heather as a chance to see what her life might have been had she followed Heather's path. Heather sees their meeting as an opportunity to find out what really would have happened to her talent had she followed Elaine's more traditional route.

In the scene that follows, Heather and Elaine have just reminisced about a Fourth of July play that they had worked on together; Elaine had written the script and Heather had played the lead role. Heather had been very demanding in terms of her own performance and the performance of others. The director had told her that she was being unrealistic, that this was just "a little Relief Society play," and that Heather shouldn't take it all so seriously. Here, Heather recognizes that if she continues on the traditional course and tries to receive artistic fulfillment through ward productions alone her attempts to improve her talents will be constantly thwarted.

Auld Acquaintance

(A portion of Scene 2)

Elaine: I remember that play--It finally came off, the way most things do. It was pretty good, too, as I recall.

Heather: They were always pretty good. Life's too short to spend being pretty good, Elaine. I remember somewhere along the line, the Church started a program called "Pursuit of Excellence." But it wasn't that at all. It encouraged people to do a little of this, a little of that, try a dozen different things at once--and of course feel guilty in the end for not being able to keep up with it all. Self-improvement it may have been; excellence, no.

Elaine: Heather--

Heather: How much time has the Church given you to write? How much?

Elaine: Well--

Heather: How many stories did you write during the years you were Primary president? How many poems did you dash off while you were running all over northern Maryland for the stake Mutual? Did you ever think about telling the bishop you couldn't accept a calling because you needed time to write?

Elaine: I thought about it, yes.

Heather: Did you ever do it?

Elaine: Once or twice. (Defensively) I struggled with it, for years. It was hard to say no, but sometimes I did, and then other things always seemed to move in to fill up the time. The phone would ring, a friend needed some help, someone was sick at school, someone was coming to visit. If I'd been a professional writer, Heather--or even a recognized one--I guess it would have been easier to carve out my own time and protect it. I guess I would have been less--less embarrassed. If I could have said, "I have to go to work that day--"

Heather: Or to rehearsal?

Elaine: Well, for instance. At least when you worked, you went somewhere. A woman at home is considered fair game by everybody.

Heather: Exactly.

Elaine: But I had no place to work, and no excuse. I wasn't earning anything--

Heather: You had an excuse, but you were surrounded by people you thought wouldn't accept it. People for whom work meant a job and literature meant a road show script, or a ward newsletter, or a neat half-hour lesson on Elizabethan drama--Shakespeare in a nutshell. Do you remember the disaster we had when we planned that drama festival the same week as the stake basketball tournament? We never had a chance.

Elaine: Heather, you're too harsh. I can't say you're wrong, but I can't say you're entirely right, either.

Heather: Can't you? Has your life as a good sister ever--ever once--really given you a chance to use your talent?

Elaine: (thoughtfully) Maybe not much time. Or much room to stretch. And yet--yes, I think so. There were lots of little opportunities that I wouldn't have had if the Church hadn't provided them. And that other people wouldn't have had.

Heather: Little opportunities to do little things.

Elaine: In the long run, I'd say it added up to quite a bit.

Heather: Would you?

Elaine: Well, I'm thinking of the years we struggled to keep Jeff at his piano lessons. I don't think we'd have succeeded if he hadn't been asked to play the hymns for priesthood meeting when he was thirteen. He'd always been embarrassed that he was the only one of his friends who took music lessons. Now it suddenly hit him that he was the only one who could play. So he started practicing again. And now he's glad, you know--he's no virtuoso, but he enjoys it . . .

(She rises and strolls across the room, remembering.)

And Rob with that trumpet. It was excruciating to listen when he first started, and I don't

know whether he'll ever touch it again. But I know it did him good at the time. He's been our most difficult one, and part of it was that he hated being small and not very good at sports. But he became something of a presence among the Scouts with that trumpet, and he knew they were impressed the Easter Sunday he blasted out "The Holy City" in sacrament meeting.

Heather: (smiling) I remember--your kids were always considered the musical ones.

Elaine: And you and I know not one of them had any great talent for it. But an occasional chance to perform made all the lessons and all the practice bearable--it was for something, you know? And the Church provided that. There were other kids, too. Kids who left on missions and weren't afraid to speak in public because they'd done it in Sunday School since they were three. Kids who had a moment to shine in a ward talent show or play, when there was too much competition at school and they felt lost in the shuffle there. Penny.

Heather: Penny?

Elaine: The Mutual did *Our Town* when Penny was a senior in high school. It was a hard year for her. She was doing well in her classes, but who cares at that age? She felt like a failure at everything else. She was quiet, and boys hadn't noticed her much. She'd had one date the whole year, and she hadn't enjoyed it. The hardest thing was to watch her try for days to summon up enough courage to try out for the school play. She finally did it, made it through one out, and then ended up with an invitation to make costumes. She was so down that I wondered whether she'd ever go out on a limb for anything again. And then Enid Parsons came and asked her to be Emily in the ward play. I'll never know why she thought of Penny. She was so quiet . . .

Heather: (kindly teasing) Not, by any chance, a hint from Mother?

Elaine: Cross my heart. But somebody--or something--told Enid how much Penny needed that part, and she worked with her until Penny surpassed anything any of us thought she could do. I wish you could have seen her, Heather!

Heather: I wish I could.

Editor's Note: If you are interested in reading and/or producing the play, you may write to Exponent II, Auld Acquaintance, Box 37, Arlington, MA, 02174.

WHISPERED GIFTS (For Mary Cassatt)

i.
Moss-covered buckled bricks
and ivy tendrils snag
at my ankles in the dark
shade. Like a jungle sleepwalk
down familiar paths untrod, I
see my way to
a smooth alabaster conch shell
coiled around a stalk
of stately green bending
back with gentility.
Amid the shadows
one cream-colored lily
waits, opening
inner petals of silk.

ii.
Turning back the musty leaves
of a book taken
from a high shelf forgotten
I discover paintings in supple colors,
children who succumb to gentle softness
of womb-like arms encompassing them.

Hands of feminine dignity
deftly bend page after page
assuming their precious role
over loom, teacup, book, or bath
as if object and appendage
were conjugally wed.

iii.
Mary Cassatt, I would like
to paint you
bent over canvas
long fingers wound around
paintbrush and tube
immersed in being
one of the self-
absorbed "Children
at the Seashore" like
Degas' vision of you
a solitary dark stem
facing art in the Louvre,
intent on giving birth
to your own creation
while you paint "The Girl
in the Blue Armchair,"
dressed in silken calmness
impregnable
seeming to know well
silence
on all sides and
the portrait lying within.

Margaret Rechif
Menlo Park, California

BLACK WALNUT

Fine wood that darkens toward the core
And multifoliate leaves that come late,
Bushing dark and high to ease the Utah summer,
The taste of desert in our bones.

A dirty tree, some neighbors say.
(It drops staining, impervious nut-pods.)
They plant fitters, flowering plum, birch, dwarf fruit,
Short and clean, light and trim.

Last spring we built a tall old house
On the site of an older fallen homestead,
But crowding near the ancient shade
We cut the roots, dropped huge limbs.

By fall the leaves browned branch by branch,
Hung without dropping in crippled hand grasps.
I watched the dying through the lowering sun and knew
Those fifty feet of life were left

To me. My hands upon the trunk,
I prayed the Holy Spirit rootward,
Calling the sap into Christ's florescent love
And left the tree to winter rest.

Now come the leaves in early May,
Springing in sharp green strings, the high sun
Lighting them against withdrawing death, and I
Will dress the garden with my life.

Eugene England
Provo, Utah

NEW SHOES

Billy's got new shoes
Bright blue running shoes
Bran-new magic shoes
Elast-off rocket shoes
Billy's got new shoes
Billy wears torn socks
Big toe through a hole socks
Slide down in the shoe socks
Stiff in the morning socks
But, Billy's got new shoes
Billy wears green pants
Burgundy knee pants
Cuff at mid-calf pants
Mother's poor planning pants
But, Billy's got new shoes
Billy wears a striped shirt
Black, orange and green shirt
Blueberry stained shirt
Collar coming off shirt
But, Billy's got new shoes
Bright blue running shoes
Bran-new magic shoes
Blast-off rocket shoes

Billy's got new shoes

Paris Anderson



CISCO BEACH AT 7 PM (NANTUCKET ISLAND)

The melancholy evening comes

stripping the sea of its human playmates
one by one
the bathers leave
carrying with them neon bikinis and plastic balls.

I, alone, let Mother Nature's body of water
toss me in her liquid arms
cradling me in the crest of a wave
Now buoying up
Now pulling down
salt and sand blind my eyes
I feel the force
of super-human waves.

The western sky melts
Fire red, smokey pink
cooling shades of blue and purple
An enormous moon rises in the East
A spotlight
on a deserted beach.

Susan Griffith Pynes
St. Louis, Missouri

GOODNIGHT

In pink pajamas prim,
her duck downy hair airy flying,
she nurses his knee,
coos "Daddy please
come tuck."
Plump hands pink and warm from the tub,
she traces his black forest arms,
gentle rubbing,
pulling,
mewing and musing
"Daddy has lots of hair
everywhere."
Her face rosed with afternoon play
she puts to the cup of his palm,
counts each big finger
forward and back,
wisps his thumb with a kiss,
clicks her teeth to the nail,
warms his hand with the breath
of a tired cough.
Her babyish belly round poking
presses against his thigh--
she sighs--
climbs to his lap,
her fingers spread wide,
hopscoches shirt buttons,
stops quick;
flat planes his kettledrum chest--
then tippity tip tap tippity tip
to his heartbeat.
Her body clean dimpled warm,
draws tight to the snug of his arm,
his face scratches dark down her forehead,
hums low "Sleepy baby
sleepy-bye lamb"
the kettledrum vibrates
slow beneath her hand,
his shoulders rook gently
the beat.
One hand curls his hard muscle neck,
pale lashes brush closed against his shirt
as she drowsing slips,
sensing his kiss,
toward sleep her sighs tumble soft trip;
on her lips
the haunt of a smile.

Dian Saderup
Salt Lake City, Utah

CAPTURED

Today sixteen month old Joshua
(a dragon in diapers)
thumped through plants on pink plump haunches
terrorizing ants he stalked
for squeezing. His giant head
rolled to one side
as they mutely wriggled in his fingers.

Then a few swoops down the slide
swallowing animal crackers (whole of course)
a lightning lunge
and I caught him, writhing and squealing for bed.

An hour gone, I crept back
to see for myself how he lay
crouched in a huff and feigning sleep,
a faint smile smoldering in his cheeks.
With one dreamy sigh
I swept a silent hand across his golden head.

Then opening (as dragons will)
a single glistening eye
he taught me
who had captured whom.

Cynthia B. Lynch
Herndon, Virginia

YOUNG MOTHER

Her eyes look up
so trusting.
A smile like a tulip
in the wind.

At first she was upset,
angry at being
a mother so soon.

Now the messenger of grace
has had two years
to teach her mother.

Deborah Sirotkin Butler
Arlington, Massachusetts



A QUIET, UNNOTICED LIFE

Elizabeth Schwartz must have died. I suspect this is so, although there is no one who would know to tell me. For several weeks now the telephone has rung unanswered in her tiny one-room apartment in a dingy, rundown working-class neighborhood in Paris. There is no response to my letters, but that is not unusual. For years Elizabeth's hands have been too crippled to write, so letters to her have been one-way conversations. On holidays, she would splurge on her small pension and telephone me to inquire about my health and scold me for not yet being married. The transatlantic static crackled as much as her wit.

Over the past two decades, Elizabeth's world gradually shrank to an area of 9' by 15', as her heart weakened and she became increasingly housebound. The one window of her room looked across a narrow street to another gray tenement building. Only in the middle of the summer would sunshine reach her window. No trees grew on her dead-end street, and traffic was sparse. Last year an artist painted a large colorful street mural across the wall that blocks the end of the street, so that Elizabeth had bright kites and plaster children to look at during the gray, monotonous winter. Occasionally real children would play noisily below on the pavement, and their chatter and cries cheered her. When I visited her last summer, she told me that it had been almost ten years since she had been outside to walk and that her only excursion had been to a hospital when she had pneumonia one winter. Her links to the outside world were the telephone, a small radio, and an occasional visitor.

At eighty-five, Elizabeth had long since outlived her family and friends. She had never married and had only a niece, who lived nearby, to care for her. Her doctor visited several times a month, and the *concierge* in the building brought the mail and ran errands for her. The corner grocer, the butcher, and the baker all knew *Mademoiselle Schwartz* and would bring her modest bundles of food when she telephoned them. Otherwise, she had no visitors. She was very much alone in a narrow, gray, silent world.

But it had not always been so. In 1899, Elizabeth was born to a world that no longer exists, to the fairy-tale world of Russian aristocracy. Her father owned large estates in the province of Georgia, where luxurious orchards and fields were farmed. He was a shrewd and healthy merchant. He provided flowers for the czar's court and for the titled families of Moscow. There was so much wealth in the family that, as a child, Elizabeth truly did not know where it came from.

Elizabeth was the youngest of three children, her brother and sister being much older than she, and she was a cherished, bright, and vivacious child. Each child had his or her own nanny and received private tutoring at home. One year, when Elizabeth was five or six, the family went to Vienna for the "season," but because of her mother's ill health, they stayed for a year, occupying an entire floor of the Grand Hotel on the Ringstrasse. Elizabeth remembered playing in a large formal park with fountains and statuary, an elegant garden party. Her governess suddenly rushed up, straightened her frock, and took her to outstay for a tall, whiskered, old man. Later, she learned that the park was the garden of the royal villa in the neighboring summer resort of Baden and that the old man was the Austrian Emperor, Franz Joseph.

The Schwartz family had a large, elegant mansion in Moscow, and there Elizabeth received a rigorous private education. When she was ten, her father became ill with cancer and, at that time, she decided that she wanted to become a doctor. During her father's illness, the doctors came to the home to treat him and even had to perform surgery on him on the dining room table. The wealthy did not go to hospitals. Elizabeth

insisted on putting on surgical gloves and watching the operation, and the doctors consented. At an early age, she developed a steady nerve and a keen sensitivity to the sick.

Soon after her father's death, World War I exploded into their world of security and comfort, and the family began to scatter. Her scholarly brother left for Paris to study medicine, and her elegant sister fled for safety in Rumania. Elizabeth stayed behind to care for her mother, who had also been stricken with cancer. It was small consolation when Elizabeth was admitted to the University of Moscow to study medicine, one of only two girls out of one hundred students admitted. Just as she completed her *diplome de lettres* in preparation for medical school, the Russian Revolution erupted. Elizabeth and her mother were put under house arrest, the servants and house staff were forced to leave, and Elizabeth nursed her dying mother alone. Because of her mother's condition, Elizabeth was allowed to leave once a day to get food. Every night at a certain time, she would go down past the guards to draw water at the well down the street from the house.

Finally her mother died, and because Elizabeth's place at the university had been taken from her, she decided she, too, must flee Moscow. She had no one to help her, but she knew that she could find her sister in Rumania. The night before she was to leave, an older man who was a close family friend came to her and asked her not to go, to remain and marry him. Elizabeth had secretly been in love with him for many years but had had no idea of his feelings for her. But she knew that she would not survive if she stayed and, because her admirer would not abandon the luxurious life of their class, that he would refuse to go with her. She spent a sleepless night agonizing over her decision, but finally the next day, at the time she normally went to the well for water, she walked down the street past the guards with nothing in her hands but an empty bucket. She kept on walking and did not return. Leaving Moscow was the hardest thing she ever did. The world that she left behind was completely destroyed, and Elizabeth never fell in love again.

Elizabeth walked out of Russia, fleeing to Rumania, where she lived for five years before finally joining her brother in Paris. By then, her hopes of becoming a doctor had faded, for she was too old to return to school and her sister's family was badly in debt. Unaccustomed to working for a living, they were unable to accept the irrevocable changes in their world. As soon as Elizabeth arrived in Paris, she went to work, doing anything that she could to earn a little money. For years she was the sole wage earner for her sister and her family, supporting seven people. She became a private nurse and quickly acquired a reputation for being a skilled and sensitive healer. She specialized in caring for terminal cancer patients, staying in their homes, caring for them round the clock, meeting their every need. Because of her dedication to her patients, for many years she failed to establish a home of her own, moving from one patient's home to another's as she was needed.

Elizabeth worked unceasingly seven days out of seven for decades, without care for herself. She taught herself English by reading and memorizing several pages of the dictionary every day. As a result, her vocabulary was spectacular, but her grammar was rather unique. She spoke seven languages—Russian, Polish, Rumanian, German, French, Italian, and English—but after arriving in Paris, she never once left France, nor did she ever take a vacation. After the Liberation, she worked in the administrative offices of NATO and the American armed forces. She prized the letters of commendation that she received during that time. In her own modest way, she cultivated influential and interesting friends from all parts of the world. Yet, despite her cosmopolitan ways, she never flew in an airplane.

Sometime during the 1950's or early 1960's, she encountered Mormon missionaries and was baptized. True to her independent nature, however, she always had her own brand of Mormonism. In her later years, she fiercely refused to allow the local branch to send visitors, for when it was first mentioned to the leaders that she was disabled, alone, and might appreciate a social visit,

two elders went to see her and somehow insulted her by insinuating that because she hadn't been to church for a long time, she needed to take the sacrament in order to fulfill her covenants. She angrily threw them out, saying that God loved her just as much whether or not she came to church. She would rail against a God who forgot His children and allowed the horrors of the Nazi concentration camps or the Stalinist purges, but she spoke of a loving Jesus Christ who healed wounded souls.

Hers was an extraordinarily curious, vital, yet strangely uncritical, mind. In one breath she could discuss nuclear fission and, in the next, read your palm like a gypsy and pull out her pendulum and cards to tell your fortune. One of the first things that she would do for special visitors was to read the cards for them, to make sure that they would be all right. She read Darwin and pulp romances concurrently. She loved children and, in a gruff, teasing way, captured their hearts. She called them "monkeys" and said that they were ugly and awkward, but oh so clever and intelligent.

This is where Elizabeth became part of my life. During the time that my family spent in Paris, we occasionally attended a small Mormon branch for military personnel and English-speaking members near our home in the western suburbs. One Sunday, we brought this little, bird-like lady with mouse-brown hair, big eyes, and an infectious grin home for Sunday dinner, and by the end of the afternoon, we had adopted her as our grandmother-in-residence. I came to know Elizabeth when I was a bumbling, insecure, freckle-faced thirteen-year-old with braces on my teeth. She didn't treat me like a child at all. To Elizabeth, I was nothing but charm, intelligence, talent, and beauty. She spoke to me as if she valued what I had to say. She respected who I was and what I could become and bluntly brushed off my faults as temporary restraints. Somehow I came to see myself as she saw me. She loved me the way only very old, very wise people can love the young and help them travel into adulthood.

Since I first met her eighteen years ago, we have visited perhaps a dozen times, not very much time to spend with someone for whom you care. As Elizabeth grew older and more infirm, as her world became smaller and more restricted, she occasionally expressed her sense of futility and loneliness. She regretted never marrying or having children. She felt that she had accomplished too little and would leave so little behind her. She never complained of the stark contrast between her comfortable, luxurious youth and her poor and limited old age. Despite her bleak surroundings, she was always as generous as her opulent childhood had taught her to be. She was sometimes sad but never forlorn, and her twinkling sense of humor quickly shone through any depression.

If she has died, she was so alone that there was no one to notify the few people in the world who cared. A quiet, unnoticed life will have led to an even more unnoticed death.

One cold January night I stood on a snow-covered slope high in a steep Swiss alpine valley and looked out into the blackness. Slowly stars came to life in the sky, forming a thick, sparkling tent thrown across the icy peaks. Suddenly, the boundaries of horizon and sky seemed to dissolve as a few stars also grew bright below the horizon, as lights were lit in a few isolated chalets scattered across the mountain on the other side of the valley, like stars that had spilled out of the saturated sky and lodged in the ice and snow. Tonight there are half a dozen people sprinkled around this small earth who, when they think of Elizabeth, smile and their hearts grow warm, like a handful of candles lit in windows of homes scattered across a dark mountainside. From the other side of the valley, the mountain looks as if it were sprinkled with stars. I hope Elizabeth can see these stars.

Catherine Hammond
Cambridge, Massachusetts

(Postscript: Several weeks after this writing, I received a note from Elizabeth's niece saying that she had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage a few days after Christmas and had died several weeks later in January.)





A BETTER-THAN-NOTHING VISION

Cate finally decided to go to St. George for the weekend. It would be Cate, Maude, Annie, Jack, Mondell, and that new guy, Wilby, who had moved in with Jack and Mondell after Robert got married. Not quite a Special Interest activity, but above board and all that. The girls would stay in Maude's aunt's Green Valley condo, and the boys in Mondell's van . . . maybe pitch a tent at the campground. Cate suspected that it would be just another of those wasted weekends. But she hated the thought of spending an empty Saturday and Sunday staring into the black, empty hole that had swallowed up hopes for a normal, married-in-the-Mormon-temple-live-happy-ever-after-life. That was bad enough as it was, but there was also the backup despair born of the knowledge that she shouldn't let herself feel so low. The Church was true! God was real! Prayer worked! But a circle of influence seemed drawn, and Cate felt left on the outside.

The long ride to St. George from Salt Lake City felt longer because of the half-hearted effort that she had to make to keep up with the empty banter. "Oh, I did not stay up until three o'clock," Annie kept insisting, as she tried to hide the pleasure that she felt because everyone knew she'd had a date--another funny guy, Joe Warner, from their Special Interest group. And then they all started making a big deal about who first found the alphabet on billboards and license plates. Cate finally pleaded a headache, leaned back in the seat, and closed her eyes.

Jack and Mondell were lost causes--two big babies not past the third-grade girl-teasing stage. Their ideas of fun included hiking in the hills where lizards, spiders, and worms could be found to put down a girl's neck; playing the video games and making a big deal about the highest score; or making pizzas with impossible food combinations. At the dances, they were always trying to teach or to learn some new step. Whatever the activity, they had to be sure everyone did it all together--one big happy family of fun-loving brothers and sisters over twenty-six.

It was Annie and Maude's opinion that this type of male companionship was better than nothing; Cate didn't agree. It was true that they

were all nearing thirty, were returned missionaries, were now teaching school, and were years out of BYU. She, however, wasn't convinced that she had to settle for guys like Jack and Mondell, from the better-than-nothing ranks. Guys like this new guy, Wilby. Wasn't he the same type? He was quieter, but still from the same level. And Jack and Mondell said that he liked her. Big deal! Well, Cate didn't want him!

She pulled herself tightly into her corner and tried to ignore any contact that the movement of the car made impossible to avoid. He could just quit being so concerned about her comfort. She wasn't his date. No, she didn't want to put that paper up in the window to keep the sun out. And she didn't want any gum, lifesavers, or breath mints. She would get even with Jack and Mondell for setting it up so that Wilby thought she was with him. Another of their practical jokes and definitely not funny! She wasn't even interested in Wilby enough to find out what it had been like growing up in southern Utah--Enterprise, wherever that was. She did wonder if it was something in the water down there that made his teeth so yellow. Yuck! The color of horse's teeth! And just about as big! Horse hair, too. Straight, coarse, and manure-colored.

Why couldn't it be Robert here thinking that he was her date? The regret that it wasn't sloshed around the barriers that she thought were intact. Robert. Tall, sober, good-looking, successful, Robert. His people were the Farleys from Provo--good four-generation Mormons with connections. When he'd moved into the ward a year ago, he'd seemed like the answer to all her prayers. And he had actually been looking for a wife! And besides having a good job as a computer trouble-shooter, he had given a talk in church that sounded like one an apostle might give. But Robert chose Carolyn Weeks. A senior in high school! It would have been bad enough if it had been Annie. Annie's mother and Robert's aunt were best friends, and she and Robert had served their missions in the same country--not the same mission, but the same country, he in East London, she in the south of London. They knew so many of the same people and had a lot in common. Yes, she could almost have understood their getting together.

And if he'd chosen Maude, she could have accepted that more easily, too. Maude's mother-instinct was well known. She loved teaching the three-year-olds and always sat by and helped with the bishop's family of little ones--so easy to imagine her handling twelve kids and running the Relief Society at the same time. Just what a man like Robert would need when he became bishop or stake president.

But even with that kind of competition, Cate had felt confident she would be the one that he'd choose. After all, she had some of the same things going for her that the others did. And besides that, she was the only one of the three girls who could have worn a swimsuit without looking like someone headed for the fat farm. Not that she would take any prizes, but at least she wasn't prone to put on weight fast.

But Robert had treated them all like maiden aunts and gone after the young girls. And he'd settled so quickly for silly, young Carolyn Weeks! Was it an inevitable pattern for all desirable returned missionaries?

She opened her eyes to see why the sun seemed to be coming in strobe-light effects and saw that they were passing a line of cars.

"Look out!" Annie yelled.

Maude screamed. And then there was a terrible swerving, screeching brakes, crashing glass, raw terror, and searing pain before a sinking blackness pulled Cate with it into unconsciousness.

When the climb back to awareness was far enough along to warrant opening her eyes, Cate did so slowly and only a crack, letting light filter through her lashes and through the glue-like film over her eyes. Where was she?

There was a window. No shade. The light streamed in, burnishing a metal radiator with orange, suggested sunset. Or sunrise? Cate considered which for a minute before pain began in the front of her head. Dum, dum, dum, pulsing like heart beats. She closed her eyes again and let complaints come from different parts of her body. Oh it hurt! Her left leg. She couldn't move it. Her right elbow. It felt like the crazy bone was scrapped raw. And her ribs. She didn't dare breathe deeply.

Why Lord? Why? Why? Why? Tears rolled down the side of her face. She turned and pulled her sore body slowly into a fetal position, covering her face with the sheet.

Later, peeking out, she became aware of someone sitting by the window. Through her lashes, she saw, haloed in the filtering sunlight, a man in silhouette, the misty apricot colors lighting his hair with rosy gold and coloring his skin amber. An impression struck like a firebrand. Sitting there was an exceptional man--a Viking Thor, a Greek Zeus, a Mormon king and priest--someone of great worth. Cate eased the sheet down and opened her teary eyes wider. The shining stranger, showing a side view, didn't move. He seemed to be staring at something outside the window. For a second, sound ceased, and the moment seared the picture into her mind--the picture of a golden man with firm chin, high, noble forehead, straight nose. His silhouette remained framed in the amber, tear-crust-ed slash of light. Cate stared, fascinated. The light continued to wrap around the figure, and the noble impression bounced through the room from one microscopic dust-mote world to another. It hit Cate with hypnotic taps, until she gave way and in imagination roamed through a clean, beautiful, spiritual world with him.

Then someone turned on the light. The figure turned. The dream crumbled. Golden hair became dirty straw, skin--zit marked, eyes--small and deep-set. A smile showed long, yellow teeth. It was Wilby. Just Wilby. Wilby's mouth moved, and the words tumbled onto the jangling, discordant vibrations. Words told her that everyone else in the wreck was all right and that she was, too. A concussion, but she would likely go home soon.

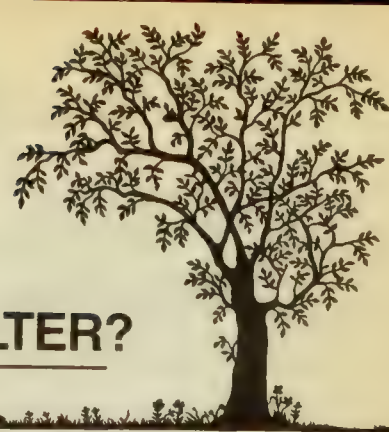
"What can I do for you?" Wilby said, coming to the bed and taking her hand.

Cate shut her eyes tight, and in her head, in the darkness behind her eyelids, she could feel the vibration change as one reality brushed another.

"Isn't there something that I can do?" Wilby asked again, his voice soft with what sounded like honest concern.

Without opening her eyes, Cate whispered. "Yes. Yes, there is something. Turn off the light and sit over there by the window. Just sit there and talk to me. Tell me what it was like growing up in Enterprise."

Veda Tebbs Hale
Kamas, Utah



SHALL THE WIVES OF ZION FALTER?

3:00 A.M. Sleeping bag slips off air mattress. Ronnie Lou Witherspoon--age 38; latent screen star, Porsche 924 owner, marathon mama; manifest block jogger, Toyota tenant, and Richmond Ward Beehive Counselor at Camp Kolob--opens eyes. Terror chops, grates, purees her heart. She claws her way to the square-inch hole in the airless black mummy bag. Struggling to release the toggle, she stretches the opening wider and gulps a mouthful of cold relief. Air. Sky only slightly lighter than the inside of the bag that she borrowed from Donna Lilliendahl whose family really does go camping. Faint stars. Silhouettes of firs, pines. She reaches across the dirt for her glasses, connects with something soft and furry, and recoils. Arms stiff at her stiff sides, she remembers the stuffed koala that Mindy Hawkins, soundlessly asleep on the air mattress next to hers, insisted on bringing. Air mattress. She humps the whole bag up in an attempt, futile, to get the mattress back under her. Damm.

5:30 A.M. Oxygen in down bag gone, Ronnie Lou Witherspoon, age 45 and wrinkling rapidly, emerges once more for air. Birds, authenticating all hypotheses about the sizes of their brains, chirp cheerily in the greyish sky. Ronnie Lou has to go to the bathroom, but the biffies are about four miles away and their appearance and odor are downright constipating, and anyway she knows all the discs in her back and neck are fused to the stones on the ground. She closes her eyes and counts sheep. She opens her eyes and counts bugs marching across the corner of her ground cloth. She closes her eyes.

7:00 A.M. Chorus of kazooes drowns out birds, and Ronnie Lou Witherspoon opens heavy lids to the sweatshirted Wake-up Committee, wearing their T-I-M-E cards. "Give us a T," says a blurry blonde figure in an enormous hat, the Camp Director. "T," Ronnie Lou calls, hoarse but virtuous, intent after all on motivating the young. "Now," says the second glucose-glutted voice, "give us an I." Ronnie Lou pokes Mindy's taffeta cocoon. From deep within comes a muffled, "I." The Wake-up Committee is dauntless, unflinching, like cheerleaders in front of a sour crowd. "Give us," they shout, "an MI!"

7:30 A.M. Flag ceremony imminent and Ronnie Lou Witherspoon has succeeded in shaking only four of seven cubs out of their nylon, down, and fiberfill mounds. "Come on you guys!" she shrills. "You want demerits?"

"Go away," whines Melona. The gong rings. Ronnie Lou drops the bottom of Melona's bag; she has been trying to squeeze Melona out like a tube of Crest. Miraculously all seven girls stir, rise, clutch at their shoes, and run in soiled stockings and feet and slept-in jeans and sweatshirts to the flag circle. Ronnie Lou follows, abashed, astonished.

8:15 A.M. Mush oozes in paper bowls. Mindy layers sugar on hers and elbows Sheila next to her. "Want my egg?" Sheila makes a face, stirs her own egg into her mush with a spoonful of fig jam. Ronnie Lou Witherspoon spots, two picnic tables away, her daughter LouGene. The Camp Director, in her infinite sombrero and wisdom, has decreed that Ronnie Lou will supervise younger girls. LouGene's counselor, and in fact all the other counselors, seem to be the proper age to win the respect of a fifteen-year-old--nineteen, perhaps in a few geriatric cases, twenty-one. College returnees, probably, with no family responsibilities, no migraine headaches.

Ronnie Lou looks harder at LouGene. There is only one way that she could have got her bangs to do that ruffle routine; she must have broken camp rules and plugged her curling iron into an outlet in the cook shed. Ronnie Lou empties her juice cup. The bottom is covered, she observes, with grains of sand. She catches LouGene's eye and grins with the right side of her mouth. They both raise their plastic cups, and across the noisy tables, make a silent toast.

9:00 A.M. Ronnie Lou Witherspoon, alias Otto von Bismarck, lashes whip and tongue. The unfortunate troops, alias her seven, have drawn biffy duty. "Capers" the chores are called.

The kids aren't fooled. "Come on," Otto says. "Sweep up that floor. Wipe down those seats." "Yes, Sergeant Witherspoon," Melona mocks. "Sergeant?" says Peggy. "She's not a sergeant; she's a general." "A general authority," says Sheila. "Oops," says Melona, saluting with her dustpan. "Sorry, I'm sure."

11:00 A.M. Mindy, Janice, and Melona are competently tying square knots, half-hitches, and sheet bends. Suzan, Peggy, and Lynette are practicing clove hitches and bowlines. Sheila has filed all her nails with an emery board and announced to Buzzy, First Year Certification Leader, that they should now devote some time to French braids. At the edge of the clearing, Ronnie Lou Witherspoon, age 51, fiddles with some rope and figures that's how her son Willy, currently spending days with his aunts and nights with his father, strung the hamster up from the basketball hoop.

12:45 P.M. Seventy-five cheese dogs later, the regulars line up to push leftover globules of green jello into one garbage can and dump dry paper plates and cups into the other. Forks rattle in the cake pans laid out to catch them. Ronnie Lou Witherspoon stands behind Sheila, resplendent in her new French braids. Peggy, Janice, and Suzan also have French braids, Suzan's being red and stubby. "Gee, Sister Witherspoon," says Sheila, "if your hair was even two inches long, we could do something with it."

"Darn," says Ronnie Lou. She smiles at Sheila and flips one of her French braids back over her shoulder.

2:00 P.M. Buzzy and her assistant Kate demonstrate to four camps of twelve-year-olds what Smokey the Bear has been trying to keep from kids for decades. "This is a teepee fire," says Kate. "It's the basis of most fires." "This is a fuzz stick," says Buzzy, whittling away on a fat twig, frizzing up the end. "It's good tinder." The girls all draw out their fathers' pocket knives. Ronnie Lou Witherspoon, making a study through the seat of her pants of bumps on logs, sits next to Sheila and cringes. "This is a prosthetic thumb," she mumbles to herself. "It's a poor substitute for the real thing."

"Know what?" says Sheila, who has chosen to carve her initials into the log rather than to make a fuzz stick. "I want to be called Shelley. Got that?"

3:30 P.M. World turns at the Crafts Shack--for the more modest and sedate kids and counselors, that is. The others bruise palms on a volleyball or stretch out on their air mattresses in swim suits and French braid each other's hair. Ronnie Lou Witherspoon is doing the only thing a sane adult can do at a girl's camp--she is glueing little fake eyeballs underneath some yellow yarn on a stick. "How cute," coos her daughter LouGene, peering over her shoulder. She produces a necklace of brown beads on which she has lettered red paint, "Hi Toots." "Look what I've made for Grandma," she says.

"What I want want to know," says Ronnie Lou, "is how you got that hairdo."

"Oh, that'll be our little secret, Mom." LouGene puts the beads around her own neck. "Won't it?"

"Don't try to pull rank," says Ronnie Lou. "I haven't got any."

6:15 P.M. Carbohydrate Canteen. Always alert to the world's wonders, Ronnie Lou Witherspoon, sure that from the day of her birth her daughter has rejected all starches not flavored with tomato sauce, fancies she sees, two tables away, LouGene shoveling in mouthfuls of instant mashed potatoes, white gravy and sodden biscuits, occasionally lifting her lips to a limp chicken leg. This hallucination is interrupted by Sheila-Shelley, who is spreading grape jelly on her biscuits, chicken, and potatoes. "Did your father wish you were a boy?" she asks.

Ronnie Lou Witherspoon stops chewing. "I don't think so. Do you mean because of my name?"

Sheila-Shelley nods, her mouth full of biscuit.

"Naw," snorts Mindy. "Ronnie's short for Veronica."

"Veronica?" says Sheila. "Veronica?"

"No," says Ronnie Lou Witherspoon. "My father's name is Ron, and my mother's name is Lou."

"Oh. One of those old-timey names," says Mindy, waving her chicken leg wisely.

8:30 P.M. Professional pyrotechs, probably former apprentices of Buzzy and Kate, have built a spiraling blaze whose most remarkable feature is lack of heat. When Ronnie Lou Witherspoon cranes her neck out of the sleeping bag she has draped around her, her view of the stage clearing is obscured by laps of flame. It is further obscured by Mindy who dropped her parka in the stream this afternoon. While it dries out in the cook shed, she keeps warm by burrowing under Ronnie Lou's sleeping bag until society calls. When she has stored up a little heat, she sprints back to the cluster of kids at the feet of the songleader.

The hills are currently alive with songs about Gladys, the ten-foot high cow with twenty-seven "spickets" for which people purchase tickets ("Oh pass the other udder over my udder brudder") and Noah (who built himself and "arky arky," out of--you guessed it "Hick'ry barky barky"). The Songleader is a young woman named Velveta who wears a tuxedo. At the staff meeting, Ronnie Lou asked her name twice. Twice she said Velveta. I missed my chance, thinks Ronnie Lou. Instead of something old-timey like LouGene, I could've named the kid Ovaltine.

10:30 P.M. Zipped into the comfortless mummy bag atop the too-slick air mattress, Ronnie Lou Witherspoon, age 94, listens to the noises of the night. "He stepped on something slimy," Melona is saying, "and he felt these fingers around his ears." "His ears?" asks Mindy. "Don't be afraid," says Melona threateningly, and Mindy asks, "Well, then what?" and Sheila-Shelley says "Ah, out it out; go to sleep," and Janice says, "Sheila is afraid of the darky darky," and Sheila says, "My name is Shelley." "This week," says Janice. "Last week it was Shirley." "Shoiley," says Lynette. "The week before it was Laverne."

Rehearsing in her mind all the wrong things to say, Ronnie Lou says nothing. Mindy's sleeping bag rustles as she repositions herself, all the better to hear about the slime and fingers and ears. "And then," says Melona, "these long feelers come out of the dark."

"Girls," announces Ronnie Lou Witherspoon, "you have a nice evening now. I'm going to sleep. Good night."

"Good night, Sister Witherspoon," they say politely. "And the feelers went up his nose," says Melona.

12:00 Midnight Metamorphosed into a real mummy, Ronnie Lou Witherspoon stares out a four-inch opening at the myopic sky. Pines roll in the wind; the moon makes fingers and feelers of the branches. It is too cold to sleep although she seems to be the only one who has noticed. Not a whisper in the camp. Back home Gene and Willie are decadently snoring away on Beautyrests. LouGene is probably sacked out in the cook shed with her curling iron. Ronnie Lou makes a heroic effort to squirm with her mummy bag onto the air mattress. She makes another heroic effort. A third. Finally she glares defiantly at the undulating branches. Long may you wave, she tells them. She shuts her eyes, recites the steps for poison oak and tick bites, and braces herself--soul, heart, and hand--until morning.

Karen Rosenbaum
Albany, California

Sisters Speak

Because of the late delivery of the Spring issue and in order to give you more time to respond, the "Sisters Speak" question for this issue will be the same: "Do you feel that geography or location affects the ways that women interpret and live the gospel? In what ways? Are there specific issues that you face in your area that you think are peculiar to your location? Explain them to us, please. Has where you live or have lived influenced your spiritual growth?" (Have your response to us by October 30, 1985.)

We did, however, receive two responses in time to print them, and we are including those in this issue with the hope of encouraging others to participate.

The life of Nadine Faith, presently from Ashland, Oregon, has been inexorably changed by where she lived and attended church. In a letter accompanying her contribution, she commented that where she lived played an important part in her life in the Church. She felt that her story would probably have had a much different plot if she had, for example, lived in a large metropolitan area. She says:

● In the summer of 1981, a woman in my small, rural ward asked for and received excommunication from the Church. She asked me to come with her to the bishop's court, to support her and to witness to her good character. She was choosing excommunication because she could no longer tolerate the intolerance, even hostility, that greeted her actions and remarks in Church meetings. Although I barely knew her, I had more than once been appalled by the vindictiveness of Relief Society sisters towards her. On one occasion, she had tearfully challenged the sisters to be more tolerant of other religions, and I had stood to support her when the instructor accused her of being out of place. Far from being out of place, the arrogant "holier-than-thou" attitude that had crept into the class discussion literally demanded a plea from someone, and she was the only one with the courage to speak.

Her excommunication filled me with sorrow and anger. The bishop and his counselors were patronizing. Who were they to say that she was making a mistake to leave an organization whose members had shunned her and demeaned the sincerity and humility of her search for goodness and excellence? They sat in judgment upon her, but they were unwilling to learn from her. Where she desired integrity, they desired to be rid of the annoying mosquito who pointed out the rents in their protective netting. Basically, she stood alone. I knew her too little, too late, and was myself too intimidated by ward opinion to be the friend that she needed. But I remembered her haunting sense of isolation a year later when I thrust myself wholly and irretrievably into the same position.

But outrage over the isolation suffered by good, intelligent, visionary people within the Church was to grow within me throughout that year. That fall I read Sonia Johnson's story for the first time. Regret and frustration and determination filled me. I knew little of feminism, but I knew a great deal about excommunication and I believed that Sonia Johnson's story need not have ended in excommunication if Church officials had sincerely and honestly listened to her and if all parties had communicated justly and deeply with one another.

At the time I was the social relations teacher in my ward and the course of study was communication skills. Using Sonia Johnson's story as a framework, I queried the sisters about the use of active listening and clear statements of feelings and intent and how these skills might have altered the outcome of the story, nor at the very least, softened the anger and bitterness on both parts. My purpose in using this rather controversial figure during Relief Society was fourfold: to waken the sisters; to deepen their self-awareness; to increase their compassion; to teach the urgent need for effective communication skills in any conflict situation.

The results were more interesting, and far different, than I expected. I expected no dramatic changes from this lesson and am not sure how much of my original purpose was actually accomplished, but the lesson cast me into an identity that, along with other challenging behaviors, was to eventually isolate me, discourage me, and anger me. The sisters now knew that they could expect something a bit unconventional and frequently controversial from my lessons. And I was soon known as the clandestine "women's libber" in my ward.

In actuality it was months before I knew enough about feminism to deserve the name of feminist,

but the term *feminist* in my area was generally lumped under the heading *troublemaker* and *troublemaker* I certainly was.

The more dedicated a student of communication I became the more self-awareness I acquired. With this knowledge came the painful acknowledgment that I thoroughly disagreed with and disliked many of the strategies that my local priesthood authorities employed to maintain order within the Church. Under the guise of firm leadership was a great deal of intimidation and humiliation and under the smiles of compassionate benevolence was a fair amount of patronizing. I did not believe that this patronizing was malicious or intentional; I simply believed that no one had shown these men a better way of communicating democratically with ward and stake members.

One vivid incident of that year contains the essence of my attempts, both large and small, to impart wisdom and create an open dialogue.

One Sunday evening, the bishopric had called a meeting of all ward members who held any type of position in the ward. So, after taking our families home to dinner, we all faithfully reconvened. "What is this about?" we all wondered. I had spent several minutes in meditation and prayer before returning to the chapel, hoping to be open to any inspiration that these men might offer. Far from being inspired, I was subjected to an hour and a half of hellfire as each member of the bishopric took the stand to berate us for our lack of commitment, the inadequacy of our service, and their general disappointment in us as ward members. Images of an angry god and mournful prophets were thrust at us. And, of course, the ever present, though veiled threat, that we would not earn passage to the celestial kingdom was poured out like acid on our souls.

As I looked about me at the members in attendance, I was shocked. Here were the most faithful. Not one of us held less than two positions in that ward. In a time of severe economic recession, many of us were working more than one menial job in order to keep food on the table, and personal tragedies had drawn dangerously on the energies of many families. Yet these people were here at this meeting and had done their best to fulfill their church obligations. They were not receiving one word of gratitude or praise, nor any phrase of compassion. I was angry.

Despite my hurt and anger, I still believed that it was not a failure of compassion, but the failure to understand our needs and a lack of communication skills that impeded these men. So I rose during the question and answer period to try to reach out to these men and to ask that they might reach out to us with more empathy and with more trust.

"I know, Bishop," I said, the tears in my throat nearly choking me, "that there appears to be more work than willing hands to do it, that this ward is going through trying times. We all know that the members' resources are stretched to the breaking point and that you as caretakers of this ward must be frustrated and worried, at times even a little desperate and terribly lonely in your positions of responsibility. I know that you want to do what is right and that you need our help. But this evening reminds me of an event that recently occurred in my home. I had asked my children repeatedly to hang up their coats and put their shoes away when they enter the home. One day I walked by the front door and saw a heap of coats and shoes. My blood began to boil. How many times must I ask the children to put their things away? At that moment my oldest daughter came into the room, and I immediately began to scold her for not putting her shoes away. She stopped me with a hurt but firm response. 'Mom, I was hanging up my coat like you asked and then I was going to get my shoes. You didn't even thank me for hanging up my coat.' Not only had I not thanked her, but I had failed to see that she had matured into a responsible individual, capable of rendering household support without request or supervision."

I told the bishopric that I felt like my daughter must have. I was doing what I had been asked to do with my positions, as were the others in the chapel. I had come to this meeting hoping to be encouraged and inspired and treated as an equal member of a cooperative unit. I was leaving feeling humiliated, unappreciated, and beaten. Surely they did not mean for us to feel this way.

The bishopric's response? The first counselor rose and said, "You forget, sister, that sometimes hanging up your coat is not enough." There was no recognition of the learning moment, the teaching moment. There was no reciprocal attempt to understand the needs of those of us in the room. Frankly, there was no humility. I had obviously overstepped my bounds and the remarks of certain high counselors and past bishops left no doubt that anyone who challenged the methods of this bishopric was challenging the mandates of God himself.

I left the meeting feeling lonely and mistrusted. Although several women came to me in the days that followed to echo my sentiments, none stood with me at that meeting or at any point thereafter. Some even suggested that perhaps I should have waited and said something quietly and privately to the bishop. The illogic of this approach amazed me. Were the authorities to chastise us as a group and humiliate us before one another, but allow no spokesperson to emerge in behalf of the human needs of the group? Did Christ go privately to Caesar or very quietly to the Pharisees? What good is the challenging voice if it is muffled behind doors and buried in private chambers? By this isolation of the individual is all domination strengthened and all learning quelled.

Meanwhile my knowledge of feminism was growing immensely. I was beginning to read some fundamental works by feminist women and to open my eyes to a reality that I had never before envisioned. Cautiously I began to introduce these insights into my Relief Society discussions. I particularly focused on the need for women to begin to honestly share their experiences with one another, rather than hide behind their terrified masks of perfect motherhood and wifehood, and on the hope inherent in the doctrine of Heavenly Mother. The bishop began to visit my class frequently. What he found were women who laughed and cried and cautiously, a few at a time, particularly the younger women, began to open up to their frustrations and confusions. Never did I disparage any Church doctrine or attempt to incite discontent or rebellion, but my unconventional approach to conventional topics of motherhood, service, and obedience must have frightened some.

One Sunday afternoon an acquaintance approached me and said, "Do you notice that every time you say something in gospel doctrine class that the Relief Society president immediately raises her hand and says that she likes what you have to say, But . . ." Yes, I had noticed. But unlike my acquaintance, I was not merely annoyed by her behavior, I was frightened and angry. No matter how innocuous my statement in class might be, this woman was bent on discrediting me. More than one friend noticed, but no one challenged her. Once again I was left alone to defend my own sincerity and good intentions. The isolation was wearing. When I went to the Relief Society president to point this behavior out, she at first denied it then acceded to its possibility with the justification that she feared my ideas were too questionable and that she didn't want me to use my influence as a teacher and a skilled speaker to unduly influence others.

Don't rock the boat was the message, and I was to hear it again and again in various forms throughout the year. None more individually painful than through the actions of *Ensign* magazine. I had entered the all-Church poetry contest sponsored by the magazine and had received notice that I had won first place. Naturally I was delighted, but I was also puzzled. One phrase of the poem had been altered on the copy that I had received for final approval. Although the phrase was short, it contained the essence of the piece and to alter it was to severely damage the intent. I called the magazine and was informed that the phrase that I had used had been altered by the selection committee at the insistence of the general authority who sat on the committee.

Although it was not stated, I felt that my exchange with the *Ensign* editor with whom I spoke implied that the committee was firm. If I wanted that phrase published as I had written it, there was going to be unnecessary conflict. Perhaps the poem would not be published at all if I insisted on its original form. Suddenly my elation over this recognition shriveled to acute discouragement and shook over the liberties that a distant, faceless committee could take with painstaking creations. They were sugar-coating my poem with their alterations. It was, in the final analysis, a censorship of ideas. I regret to this day that, after several days of agonized indecision, I bowed to the authority of the committee. The joy in my work vanished. To add insult to injury, when the piece finally appeared, the stake presidency sent me a congratulatory letter that contained far more praise for my skills as a homemaker, seamstress, and mother than for my intellectual creativity.

I felt robbed of my intellect and convictions on every side. But in this instance I blamed myself for not standing up for myself and my work. I determined that never again would I bow to authority against my better judgment nor undermine my own self-worth with worthless compliance.

To prepare myself, I outlined my thoughts and then went one Sunday afternoon to a wooded spot near the river. I would pray for confirmation of my ideas, for a vision of my Heavenly Mother, for courage, for whatever I needed. I left the woods with no vision and unsure of my courage, but with absolute conviction that I was responsible for

Sisters Speak

what I knew, that I could not hide it, nor could I run from the consequences.

I prepared my speech knowing it was to be my swan song. Some time before I had unveiled my ideas to a member of the stake presidency in a routine interview. Although he had no arguments with them he informed me kindly that this kind of idea should be kept to oneself until the prophet spoke to it. I was deliberately refusing to wait for a prophet to speak what I knew had immense value to the women of the Church. Eve did not wait for Adam to make the first move, and though she has been labeled "deceived," I saw her as powerful and courageous.

I delivered my speech and gave a copy to each girl and woman present to take home and discuss with her family. I mailed a copy to the *Ensign*, certain it would not be used but gleefully challenging them to consider it. I also mailed a copy to a general authority whose words in the past had been encouraging to challengers.

Soon the reactions set in. My bishop approached me, obviously anxious about my ideas and questioning the wisdom of speaking them aloud, particularly "this idea of praying to Heavenly Mother."

At the same time, some unsettling messages were coming from the pulpit. Several women in the stake had individually or with their husbands sought counseling, and members of the stake presidency began denouncing counselors and counseling. Not only was my husband a counselor, but I had personally supported the idea of counseling to several women. One of these women came to me and told me that the bishop had threatened to withhold her temple recommend unless she discontinued counseling. She called his bluff, but the intimidation was unnecessary.

In ward conference, a priesthood authority from the stake told the women that unless they kept their homes spotlessly clean they would not be worthy to meet Christ. He singled out one young mother of eight children for his joking/mocking reproof.

And in Sacrament meeting, a member of the bishopric told the women to "stay out of each other's lives" while warning the men that if they did not keep tighter control of their wives activities they were not fulfilling their duties as patriarchs.

I heard these messages with alarm. Some might shrug them off as old-fashioned rhetoric. Some might cheer them on as signs of the firm hand of the priesthood. I was appalled. I felt even more alone. The injunction to "stay out of each other's lives" angered the few women that I knew who had been developing a support system, but my increasing feminism was still discomfiting to them, and they backed away from me.

It was then that I began to formulate my speech. I had been asked, months before, to speak at Stake Girls' Camp. I knew now that I would speak on Heavenly Mother, with hopes of bringing to the surface the courage and self-worth of the women around me.

The Relief Society president met with me. Was I going to continue in this same vein in my lessons? Would my obvious feminism taint my approach? In short, would I be a bad influence on the women? If so, then perhaps it would be best if I called a substitute to teach those lessons in which I felt that I could not stay within Church doctrine (i.e., her interpretation of doctrine). Although I had always been cautious, it was obvious that self-censorship was not considered sufficient. The fact was glaring. Teaching did not mean creating a challenging learning environment. It meant disseminating rote propaganda. She proposed that I use no other sources in my lessons other than the lesson book itself. To save us from further painful confrontations, I resigned my teaching position.

Now I was truly silenced. I could not teach, an activity that I loved. I would not be asked to speak in that stake—I could tell from the signs—for as long as my Heavenly Mother speech raised doubts. I would not risk attempting to publish again in Church publications.

I took a short vacation to ponder what I might do. When I returned, I had determined that I was ready to leave the Church. A few painful Sundays during which I felt the distance and uncertainty of former friends confirmed this decision. The stake president had asked to meet with me. I chose to let him know my decision at that time. To my great distress, he had information that not only deepened my resolve but added rage to it. The *Ensign* had sent me their standard rejection notice. But they had also sent a notice to my stake president concerning my speech. I believe that they also sent a copy of my speech because the stake president implied that the copy he had came from the editors of the *Ensign*. I would no

longer have dealings with an organization that lacked such basic integrity.

My talk with the stake president was cordial and sympathetic on both sides, but my letter to the *Ensign* that followed was direct, pointed, and angry. In my haste, I assumed that the general authority might also have been aware of these actions because I had informed both he and the *Ensign* that I was sending copies to the other. A correspondence between us ensued wherein I accused him of complicity and he rejoined that my speech was dogmatic and opinionated. Further correspondence softened both our views until we ended with civility, if not warmth. He, for his part, agreed that my speech was intriguing and intelligent. He said that he would consider sharing it with his wife and daughters. I have no idea if he has done this; he certainly has not shared the ideas with the women of the Church in general.

I mourned when I left the Church. Something fragile and innocent within me had died. But something sturdy and wise grew in its place—attributes of a very personal godhood: integrity, courage, determination, self-awareness, and self-responsibility. And after all, isn't that the goddess whom I sought? ●



Ruth Whidden Yates of Coquitlam, British Columbia, responds by saying,

● Your latest "Sisters Speak" column seems to call for a compilation of some of the "unmailed" reactions that I have had to other issues. I have been active in the Vancouver, British Columbia stake for almost twenty years, except for two years spent getting a degree at BYU. I was raised in the Church in Northern Ontario, and so my experiences in the Church have been primarily from a geographically distant perspective. *Exponent II* has brought me closer to the center than any other experience because through the paper I have met and, if only in my own head, had a share in the lives of your writers. Their responses and reactions have been reflections and amplifications of my own and have given me much cause for introspection and examination of the principles of the gospel that I hold dear.

From a letter composed to *Exponent II* last year: Four times a year for the past six, everything has stopped at my house when *Exponent II* has been dropped through my mail slot. This has been one of those days. I have just finished reading about the reunion and have been envying those of you who were able to share that marvelous experience and grateful that I have at least been able to read about it. Suddenly the question posed for the next "Sister's Speak" column seems vital and worth pondering. The past ten years have been both soul- and mind-shaping and because I come from an even more isolated part of the vineyard than Cambridge I thought those experiences might be of interest.

Dominating my last ten years has been marriage and the bearing of five children. Enough to fill any good Mormon woman's hands one might say, but every time it was suggested that I had my hands full, I wanted to say, "Yes, but far more interesting is what my head is full of." Indeed full hands never seemed an adequate compensation for an empty head.

I finished a master's degree in Canadian literature—a literature that is replete with strong, vibrant women authors—six months after the birth of my second child. I was speaking at priesthood firesides on the women's movement, while nursing the fourth. I was researching and writing a play about an indomitable woman pioneer, while deliberating upon a name for the fifth. The thought and work that went into those projects was almost as satisfying as giving birth and infinitely more rewarding than coping with the day-to-day realities of keeping those offspring in some semblance of order.

Needless to say, this perspective is met with wry smiles and tongue clucking by my Relief Society peers. On several occasions, I have tried to organize a women's gathering, not to learn another homemaking skill but patterned on the ones I have read about and yearned for in the *Exponent*. In every instance I was countered with: "I don't

see the need." "It would never be approved," "Be very careful about whom you invite," and from the few kindred spirits that I have gathered about me, "Let's just do it on our own."

It was a small group and even among them much dissension. There were so many problems—so close to the surface—that hadn't found outlets in any other organized forum. These problems had been brewing for some time, and I for one felt unable to deal with the inevitable eruptions.

Since that meeting several years ago, there have been some devastating changes in the lives of the few women who met. One, a dear friend of all, suffered and succumbed to cancer. Another unable to cope with a painful marriage has found a new relationship and her gospel sisters have been less than understanding. We have all been agonizingly close to a young woman sexually abused by her father. Little help has reached that child. Others have become more separate and isolated than ever. Another, a recent convert, has begun to look elsewhere for the Christian affirmation that she did not find in our midst.

These experiences have been devastating, and through it all, the comfort offered in our ward was a single fireside encouraging members to be self-reliant, not to depend on the Church or its members for support, to make it on their own. We owe our sisters and brothers more than that.

The Canadian stakes of the Church were once referred to as the pegs supporting the main tent or body of the Church. That has been liberally interpreted to mean that it is necessary to use the tent to shield oneself from every wind that blows for fear of wavering and losing ground and suffering the far-flung consequences of such an act. Any divergence from the "program" is thus regarded as unnecessary and inappropriate. Canadians generally have been on the fringes of the women's movement, and avowed feminists are still considered radicals of a harmless sort who will soon be shown the error of their ways, if one does not pay too much attention to them.

Nevertheless, I am acquainted with some very successful and interesting women and have noted that the best of these are those that do not wear their feminism on their sleeves. They quietly but determinedly go about accomplishing wide-ranging and exacting goals, but always with one eye on the rear flank to protect themselves from thoughtless and ill-considered attacks. These attacks most often come from other women. It seems that women are the ones most frequently trapped by their biology, by their background, by their education (most often lack of it), and by their economic dependency. It seems that, because in so many instances they are defenseless, they become offensive.

Because I have become so acutely aware that this is a condition that I cannot change in the established members of the Church of my acquaintance, I look to our young women to see if we can't instill in them positive attitudes towards themselves that will help them overcome the prejudices and fears of another generation. But I share the concerns expressed in a previous *Exponent* about what we are teaching our Young Women through the programs of the Church and how many of them are not successfully making the transition from Young Women's to Relief Society.

My admiration for what you have accomplished through the publication of the *Exponent* and my commitment to the values that you acknowledge and support has inspired an idea that has finally come to fruition. Just as you have been driven from the past by women such as Emmeline B. Wells and her work on *The Woman's Exponent*, I was impressed and wanted to see emulated the work of Susa Young Gates in *The Young Women's Journal*. It was my thought that if we could provide an opportunity for our young women to read and think and write, perhaps we could give them an experience in finding for themselves a place within the Church.

A multi-regional young women's conference took place in Washington state at the beginning of July. I suggested that we have the girls contribute to a commemorative issue of *The Young Women's Journal*. I had, by some good fortune, come across several editions of it and thought that I could reproduce it in as close to its original form as possible, incorporating some of the articles from its earliest years and some contemporary writing from our young women. Getting the girls to write was perhaps the most difficult part of the task, but in the end I had about one hundred submissions to choose from. It was a great pleasure to put the final book together and to deliver a copy to you for your interest. The book was compiled and made photo-ready for the printer on my new Macintosh in just under a month—a task your staff might appreciate. ●

Editor's Note: We do appreciate the work that you accomplished as well as the copies that you sent. Both were superb.

Sisters Help

In the last issue, two sisters asked for help with two different problems. Because of the late delivery of the paper, we are asking again for responses to those requests. We are also adding a third request posed in the last article. Please have your responses to us by October 31, 1985.

Reva Beth Russell from Springville, Utah, writes to the sister from Los Angeles:

Often Mormons can't accept anything less than perfect. It might hurt the missionary program. "Image" is the most important concept that we are taught through all the correlated lessons. "We have to be a good example."

I really feel that there will be at least a few who will accept you (even if you have a hard time accepting yourself and your parenting skills). These will be your true friends. Your experiences got rid of the chaff. Your new friends in the Church will be the ones who have experienced times when nothing came out as promised in the lesson manual, no matter what they did. You will probably be able to give comfort to someone like you, who has struggled to get out of hell. Remember, you now have seen, heard, and felt too much to ever be where you once were. Painful as this change is, what you know now prohibits you from going back to first grade. You've entered graduate school!

Our second response is from Vickie M. Stewart of Lafayette, California:

I am responding to the issue of the participation of mothers in the blessing of their babies. My experience in this matter has already been published in *Exponent II* in the second issue of 1984 in the "Sisters Speak" column, but I am resubmitting it with some changes and additions because subject has come up again.

Following the birth in 1980 of a daughter, after three sons, I felt a strong desire to hold her while my husband blessed her in fast and testimony meeting. When I consulted the Handbook of Instructions, I found that a nonmember father may hold his baby during the blessing, although he may not pronounce the blessing. Perhaps the priesthood was not a requirement for this limited role, I thought, and the idea of the mother holding the baby is unusual only because it hasn't occurred to many people. Further, the blessing of the babies isn't a saving ordinance, one required for salvation. Many people in the Church were never blessed as babies, and it doesn't make any difference. So I decided to ask to hold my daughter during the blessing.

My bishop wasn't sure what to do, so he called the stake president. I found out through a friend that the stake president's first reaction was that my request was acceptable; then, to make sure, HE consulted the Handbook and read nothing about a mother participating. My request was denied. Both men were basically sympathetic and agreed that if a nonmember could hold his baby, a member in good standing, even without the priesthood, had a good case for doing the same. Just several months earlier, a recently excommunicated man in our ward had held his baby during the blessing. Surely, I thought, my status with regard to worthiness was at least equal to his.

My stake president suggested that I write to President Kimball, assuring me that if he added a cover letter I would receive a signed reply. So I wrote three pages of my best reasoning and research, and we sent it off. The reply, which was addressed to the stake president rather than to me, merely said that my participation "would not be proper" because blessing children is a priesthood ordinance. I was referred to D & C 20:70, which reads, "Every member of the church of Christ having children is to bring them unto the elders before the church, who are to lay their hands upon them in the name of Jesus Christ, and bless them in his name." The issue of nonmember men joining in a priesthood ordinance was not addressed.

I was disappointed and upset. It bothered me that the letter wasn't even addressed to me. As Robert Frost said, "It can't be called ungentle. But how thoroughly departmental." In addition, a number of other parents who liked the idea and were waiting for my reply were unhappy. In fact, nearly everyone to whom I mentioned the idea felt that the mother's presence would add to the occasion, to say nothing of soothing the baby! Nor did I feel that my presence in the circle would conflict with the scripture.



In the end, we blessed our daughter in the usual way, except that I walked up with my husband and sat in the choir seats during the blessing. Afterwards, I gave her a mother's blessing at home with friends and family present. I still don't feel that it would be a great concession to allow mothers to participate in the blessing if they wished (and some said that they wouldn't choose to). The idea is accepted by most people as a lovely one. In fact, one bishop in Southern California said that he would allow me to stand in the circle if we came to his ward.

After reflecting on this experience for the past five years, I have come to several conclusions. First, my daughter was born in the middle of the ERA controversy and that made our chances very slim. Second, local leaders could allow a mother's holding of her baby in the circle and justify it under the nonmember father exception if they chose, and probably nothing would happen. But you have to have the right bishop! Third, the issue was worth raising and making public. I remember reading somewhere, probably in *Exponent II*, about the change from one-piece to two-piece temple garments. When asked why the change was made, the speaker indicated a place in the air with her hand and said, "Because of a stack of letters this high in the First Presidency's Office!" I am comforted that my letter is part of a growing stack in the First Presidency's office on the subject of mothers being included in the blessing of their babies. Perhaps the stack will grow so large that my little Megan will have the joy of holding HER baby when it is blessed.

The following was sent to us from a sister who asked that her name be withheld. If you care to respond to her directly, address your reply to "Sisters Help--Summer 1985," and we will send your letter on to her. We would appreciate it, however, if you would let us use all or part of your response in the column in order for your insights to reach many more women. As is our policy, we publish "Name Withheld" articles only if they come to us with a name attached.

Because of events in my life over the past few years, I find myself compelled to reach out to touch the life of someone who will read this and, in return, to be touched. Several years ago I suddenly found myself experiencing excruciating pain, rage, and a hate that was destroying me emotionally and spiritually. I hungered for someone to talk to who would be willing to share her feelings, her empathy, and the coping mechanisms that enabled her to survive. I never found that person. In the hope that my experiences will help other women know that they are not alone in their pain, I want to share my story.

After almost two decades of marriage (during which I had DONE MY DUTY!--many children, multiple Church jobs, total support for my husband in his upward climb in the Church hierarchy), I discovered through a series of circumstances too identifiable to relate that my husband had been involved for over eight years with not just one, but several women! During this time, he had accepted the call and performed for over two years as the bishop of our ward--this during the most intimate and long-lasting of his infidelities. There are absolutely no words within our language to describe the complete devastation that came upon me! I can only attempt to tell you of feeling like my husband had wrung everything that he could out of me as a wife and mother and then dumped a pile of fetid garbage on me that was almost suffocating me.

I felt rage at him for using me and my high-energy levels to create a family and home that was an "example" to the stake--rage (oh, such rage) at myself for having been so utterly gullible and stupid to have lived with him all those years and never *once* had any suspicions; headbanging humiliation that my private life was so exposed as the Church took the proper steps towards him; deep spiritual pain that what I had sensed for many years was really true; that this man whom I had married really never valued or esteemed our religious life in the Church nor the vows and commitments made in the temple.

Finally, I suffered pain--the kind of pain that only those who have suffered a great loss in their lives can identify with. It was not just emotional pain; it was a constant physical pain that never let up. The first breath in the morning brought it on as the mind grasped that this was no dream, and it ended only with blessed sleep at night, sleep that had to be induced many times in the first few weeks.

I had suffered a death, just as surely as if my husband had gone over a cliff and died. In fact, I had suffered two deaths--the death of the man whom I had married and thought that I knew, and the death of my life in the Church as I had known it. I became "guilty by association." Within a few days, the wife of our hastily called new bishop was in our home presenting me with a book on marital relationships, and her husband had already made the comment to me, "Well, I always did notice that you two weren't very affectionate with each other."

Other innuendos were forthcoming from others. Somehow, because he was so liked by so many, it had to be my fault. I surely just hadn't been a good enough wife to him. How little they know. I had taken over where his "Molly Mother" had left off and finished the job of turning him into a coddled, immature person who had things done for him and who was comfortable with letting his wife carry out 95 percent of the spiritual and emotional upbringing of the children while he climbed higher and higher in the Church and in his business life. I had covered his tracks on so many occasions in Church and other responsibilities because I NEEDED to believe that all was well in Zion, and I couldn't

Sisters Help

stand for anyone to know that it was not. What did I get in return? Heartbreak and humiliation.

I found myself with several major conflicts that caused tremendous stress on my mind and body. First, I had to decide whether to stay in the marriage. I feel that this situation forces the Mormon woman into a room with no doors: damned if you do and damned if you don't. To stay means putting on a facade to the world and your children that all is going well--a facade that exacts a tremendous price from your whole being as you try to live with this person who has wounded you so deeply. When you want to scream, you can't. When you want to curl up in a ball and shut out the world, you can't. The children are always there, needing reassurance, needing you. When he walks in the door, you see a stranger's face.

If I chose to leave him going to church meant becoming a Special Interest--a single parent with all the responsibility of mending the wounded little spirits of your children, of putting them through the ugliness and the unending problems of the divorced, and (the most insidious of all) of enduring the criticism and censure of others because you didn't stick with this man who is now so repentant and so sorry. Don't the scriptures say that he who is without forgiveness is the greatest sinner? That pressure alone is enough to destroy whatever vestiges of self-esteem that you have left as you reexamine against yourself for not forgiving fast enough or well enough.

I have the deepest conviction that the main reason I found myself in this position and why we are seeing so much infidelity in the Church is because men know at some gut level that their "good, Mormon women" will DO THEIR DUTY and protect the children by keeping the marriage together when the facts come out. This knowledge frees them to have their way, knowing that hearth, home, and children will still be there when they decide to grow up. I've given this much deep thought, and I believe that the whole patriarchal-priesthood system sets us women up for this. And there is still anger in me because I don't see any way out of it for women. We don't have a good choice and a bad choice at this time--we only have two unpleasant ones.

Another conflict: How do you have a healthy sexual relationship with your mate when even just a hug can trigger visual images of the "others," when you wonder if you are being compared, when you fear that if you don't participate at this vulnerable time in his life that will push him into the arms of someone else even more? Again, damned if you do; damned if you don't.

Even though I didn't choose divorce, I had to deal with becoming a second-class citizen in the Church. Some of our social life had centered in activities, parties, and so forth, associated with the priesthood. My husband was no longer a high priest, which meant that I no longer could attend any of their functions. Some of the people whom I loved most were in other wards, and I saw them most often at these functions. I hadn't done anything wrong--why shouldn't I still be able to go? Can you imagine the shock waves if I had continued to appear? But I had as much right there as the other women. I began to understand the feelings of the widowed and divorced in the Church--a difficult but very important insight.

Coupled with this was the constant awareness of the ridiculously inadequate way in which the Church handles these situations. The inequities from stake to stake are laughable, and the grinding processes one goes through as one attempts to get blessings restored only serve to tear the scab off the wound for the wife. I can't begin to tell you all of the stupid and insensitive things that went on. And the lowest blow of all--the information given to us that never again could my husband serve as a bishop or stake president. After a lot of good counseling, we didn't need that in our lives any more, but it was the reality of truly being second-class citizens in the Church that felt so wrong. I was expected to forgive him totally, but the Church was not willing to. Don't the scriptures say that repented sins are "remembered no more"? If Christ could do that, who was the Church to

do less? Why should my husband be required forever more to rehash his past if called to one of these positions by a leader who didn't know? I know that the policy has changed some since then, but it still requires special approval from the first presidency. It is conditional forgiveness! And I couldn't begin to relate how this all has affected my personal relationship with God and my testimony of the Church. That is another story, but let me say that that, too, has been a mighty struggle, and I'm not done with it yet.

What are the residuals several years down the road? After two years of individual, marital, and family counseling, and a few years to use what we had learned, a lot of progress has been made. We are much better parents, we have a very deep understanding of factors that went wrong in the marriage, and we are much more real people, instead of images of what the Church or parents programmed us to be.

But there are scars, one of the worst being my daughters' lack of trust in men. Besides their father, they have seen infidelities of other adult family members, bishops, stake presidents. Lives ripped apart, marriages ruined, children wounded--these men have no idea how their selfishness will create ripples for years. And for myself, there is the ongoing loss of trust in the man whom I married. No matter how much evidence I have seen and do see of changes in him, how much I saw of the deep pain that he endured as he faced himself in the repentance process, I am left with the painful reality that part of me just doesn't trust. It is painful, I feel guilty, and it undermines our relationship, but I CAN'T HELP IT! Once you have been so completely duped, how do you ever trust completely again?

I come to this: Sisters, help. Can any of you identify with what I have related? Can any of you help me to find some of the answers that still have not come after all these years? Can I ever really trust again? Can I ever really love him the way that I used to? What has worked for you? Was it all over and healed in a blinding moment of spiritual manifestation, or has it been one step at a time? And if it never really heals completely, I would like to know that, too. Reality has always been easier for me to deal with than empty hope.

I know that there are many of you out there, groping for a way to make your life make sense again--some of you newly introduced to this terrible pain, some who are further along in the grief process. One thing that I learned as I studied the steps of grief that accompany the loss of someone whom you love is that I was experiencing the very same steps in the process, and the most important fact of all is that no one grieves the same way or on the same time. And no one can judge another person's process of grief. (Another pressure, by the way, that I suffered over and over was "friends" that would intimate that my time for grieving should be up. I remember one of my best friends coming up to me only five months after the truth came out, asking me if I was still depressed and looking puzzled when I told her I still had my moments.)

I cannot sign my name for obvious reasons. Only a very few know the whole story, including my children. But there is such a need for sisters who share this experience to communicate with each other. I need to know how you have survived your personal holocaust. There is a support group for everything but this. I have wanted to start one, but how in the world does one go about it? The subject is too confidential, too sensitive, and Mormon women are still too afraid to reach out and say, "Help, I'm hurting!"

Those of you who have bottled up the rage, who immediately slipped into the role model of "forgiving wife" and haven't dealt with your true feelings are only asking for trouble in the future--ulcers, migraine headaches, arthritis, serious depressions--it will come. If I can be of any help to anyone just by sharing my experience, I want to do it. I have come a long way, further than this letter will evidence because I am describing long-past events, but there are more mountains to climb and much left of my journey before I am through.

Name Withheld

EXPONENT II Reunion—1986

Mark your calendars now for July 25, 26, and 27 because that's when the 1986 *Exponent II* reunion will be held at the Hillsboro Camp in New Hampshire. Join us for a weekend of eating great food (beginning with dinner on Friday night and ending with dinner on Sunday); luxuriating in clean cabins, and enjoying showers that are open to the sky. Also at the camp are boating, canoeing, and swimming in lovely Peace Lake. Tennis is also available. All of this is in addition to the open and thought-provoking discussions and presentations, a special Saturday night speaker, and the friendships made and renewed.

There will be carpooling from Boston to the camp and back. If you will be driving, let us know. Although there are many good local hotels in the area for those who arrive Thursday night or need to stay over on Monday, bed and breakfast facilities will be available for a donation to *Exponent II*.

As there is a limit of one hundred and twenty-five, confirm your reservation early for this super weekend of relaxation and conversation by sending your check for \$70.00 (\$80.00 with T-shirt), made payable to *Exponent II*, to Anne Wunderli, 42 Pierce Road, Watertown, MA 02172; telephone 617/926-7838. Application deadline: May 31, 1986.

We look forward to seeing you there!

IN THE TRENCHES— AT HOME

From Deadlines to Diapers: A Career Guide to Homemaking, by Tamera Smith Allred, Liberty Press, Orem, Utah, \$8.45. (Available from the author at P. O. Box 13154, Portland, Oregon 97213)

Fresh out of BYU and working for the *Deseret News* as a stringer, Tamera Smith was in the right place at the right time. She was in Idaho when the Teton Dam broke, and she spunkily waded the flood waters to get the first pictures and report back to Salt Lake about the disaster. Later, she covered the "routine" arraignment of murder suspect Gary Gilmore and befriended his girlfriend Nicole. When their suicide pact became national news, cub reporter Tamera got national front-page bylines, for which she received a nomination for the Pulitzer Prize. Norman Mailer interviewed her for his book *The Executioner's Song*, and Tamera decided to go to graduate school at Columbia. But she never got there. She met her "eternal companion" and "joined the big leagues . . . of wives and mothers" instead.

After her successful, though short, journalism career, Allred found homemaking to be a frustrating task that she could barely perform. While in labor with her first child, she ran out to do Christmas shopping. At the hospital, she stayed up late to finish Christmas gifts. Home with her baby on Christmas Eve, she realized that there were a lot of things she hadn't learned in college.

Her approach to homemaking was catch-as-catch-can: "Sometimes when the guilt and frustration really got to me, I'd run around the house carrying a green garbage bag. I'd throw everything into it that didn't move or breathe, then I'd hurl the bag into a back room and slam the door shut. Then I'd reform . . . for a whole week! I'd stay up late cleaning everything in sight--the closets, silver, light fixtures . . . but the urge never lasted." By the time her second daughter was born, Allred realized that she needed to apply her journalistic talents to the art of homemaking. She researched and studied, tested and evaluated, and this book is her result. The difference is that she's not an expert. She wasn't "born organized." She does not give precise instructions on how to invest \$500.00 in Tupperware and labels to organize the kitchen cupboards. She does teach the reader to "catch the vision" of homemaking, that it's more than sparkling windows and a clean oven: "I began to realize my main role as a homemaker was not cleaning house, but helping every individual under my roof, including myself, to reach his or her potential."

Allred begins each chapter with humorous exchanges between fictitious Ruby Red and her friend Emerald Green, illustrating the problem that the ensuing chapter will treat. The chapter gives step-by-step suggestions that encourage, not a rigid prescription of rules that discourage. Allred offers several alternatives in the chapter "Implementing a Plan": "It's important for you to decide what needs to be done, not for me to hand you a master list of my standards. Each of us has a different situation. . . . Pick the plan that will work for you--or invent your own!" And when she tells you to write something down, there's space right there in the book for you to do it, right then. You don't have to run around looking for a notebook (which, if you need this book, you probably can't find anyway).

The chapter that I found most helpful was entitled "Putting Paper in its Place." While I didn't copy her filing system, Allred did motivate me to learn to implement one of my own and really use it. I no longer have piles of handouts, magazines and bills scattered willy-nilly all over the house. I'm really proud of the progress I've made, and it's an ego boost when a visitor remarks, "You're so organized!"

Well, I'm getting there. *Deadlines* is the most significant homemaking book that I've read to date--if effectiveness can be measured by the number of times I've returned to it for encouragement and organizational tips. The book acknowledges the difficulty and frustration of the homemaker's job and offers a greater vision of her role.

Cari Bilyeu Clark
Columbia, Maryland

CHILDREN'S PARADISE LOST?

The Erosion of Childhood, by Valerie Suransky, (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois, 1982, 215 pages, \$15.00).

The Erosion of Childhood was for me much more than just a book to review. It was an emotionally wrenching experience because it presents so clearly the woeful inadequacies of most daycare in this country. I was assigned this review because I am a family therapist in private practice, and as such am deeply concerned about the unhealthy status of the family. More specifically, I am distraught over the plight of children who are helpless victims of social change.

Now, when we are hearing of more physical and sexual abuse of children in daycare centers, this book stands out because it addresses the more subtle problems of daycare, indeed the loss of childhood itself.

This widely reviewed, influential book is divided into three parts. Part I looks historically at the development of the concept of childhood. It then examines the contemporary feminist views of childhood and the social scientists' views.

Suransky shows that childhood as we know it is a relatively recent concept. Not until the nineteenth century was there a demarcation of childhood and adulthood. The further back one goes, the lower the level of childcare and the more likely children were to experience cruelty in the forms of infanticide, slavery, abandonment, and sexual and physical abuse. In medieval times, children were expected to become participating members of adult society by the age of five. There was little or no separation of childhood from adulthood; hence the world was not examined from a child's point of view. Nor was any thought applied to the question: What is needed for healthy development?

Next Suransky explores the contemporary feminist images of childhood that, she feels, also fail to look at the world from a child's point of view. One of the painful paradoxes of women's liberation is that "the quest for human rights has resulted in the oppression of children," evidenced by the practice of placing children in storage so that both parents may work.

She then gives a synopsis of the history of daycare and her concern about the breaking of primary attachment bonds that are crucial for healthy development. Suransky points out that these bonds cannot be replaced by impersonal institutional settings that are unable "to provide nurturing parent substitutes to which the young can attach themselves during the temporary and partial separation from a parent." Mere physical care and intellectual stimulation are not enough.

Unfortunately, this section, although full of important information, is difficult to read. The author tends to write in a technical, complicated style.

Part II consists of Suransky's documented account of her two-year involvement with the children and staff of five daycare centers in the Midwest.

Through Suransky's account of these centers, I entered into the daycare world and experienced it as if I were sitting beside her. I raged and despaired with her over the "overt patterns of deception" that began to emerge: the internal reality of inconsistency and the lack of any attachment to a staff member. I shared her sadness and despair as she watched the children in three daycare centers be molded and stuffed into the rigid structure of centers that were designed by adults for the containment and management of children. Children were not free to create any part of their world. Flexibility, creativity, playfulness, physical exploration, curiosity, were a threat to structure, and thus had to be stopped. Those children who would not comply were labeled as deviant.

At the other extreme was Pine Woods Free School, which was committed to the idea of the child's ability to grow and develop in relative freedom from adult interference. I shared her disappointment as it became apparent that this resulted in complete tyranny of children over children and adults. The staff pointedly ignored the intentionally hurtful nature of the children's acts and assumed a stance of nonaction. Consequently, the children were not required to assume responsibility for their actions. They were in search of nonexistent limits. The result was children who exhibited competitive and anti-social behavior.

Suransky generated my "as if" experience by giving factual observations of specific events and then sharing her hypothesis of what this event might have felt like from the child's point of view. She also surmised what kinds of values or lessons the children were learning from the specific events.

An incident that she reported involving two-and-a-half to four-year-old children follows:

As I stood in the corridor watching [a teacher running after escaping children], I became aware that the sixteen children in the block room were unattended. I walked back in and was witness to one child threatening to hit another with a heavy wooden truck, which I removed amid an almost deafening noise level: screaming, stamping, minutes before any staff member re-entered. When she returned, I myself ran out, experiencing a sense of relief. I left the school soon afterward with a splitting headache, filled with a sense of nausea.

Suransky then comments:

I too was happy to escape from the room and school that day, and wondered if my experience at all resembled that of the children. They were contained within an atmosphere of chaos, confusion, and impersonality fifty hours a week. My biweekly visits left me feeling physically ill and shaken (113).

Part III draws together the observations of the daycare centers and compares and contrasts the needs of the children and adults on such dimensions as play, space and time, spontaneity, and structure and freedom. Suransky's message that healthy childhood is in danger is most riveting here. Her suggestions for healthy daycare finally give a ray of hope in this disturbing picture.

Part III was outstanding, not for its written style, but for its emotional impact. The momentum of the book comes to its peak here. The irreversible long term consequences of these types of daycare are made clear. Her conclusions basically address two essential elements of a healthy childhood. One, every baby must have a stable human partnership (or bonding) with one or more adults. Two, the child must have the opportunity for unstructured play, wherein the child restructures, invents, explores the world, and "becomes herself." The stable partnership needs to be a solid base from which the child can venture out and return, to receive emotional nurturing. Hugs, assurances of safety, requests of the child that are appropriate to the child's age and emotional availability form the base from which a healthy child develops. Instead, children are being placed in storage for many hours every day, with indifferent custodians and a curriculum that is based on the needs of the institution and the adult world. Suransky suggests that mass daycare or profit daycare seems to be fostering "diseases of nonattachment," alienation, indifference, antagonism and violence, and indeed "rob a baby of her humanity."

In the last few pages of the book, Suransky takes a look at how some of the socialist countries are taking care of their young. She feels there is "much to learn and much to criticize" but at least care of the young is central rather than peripheral to national priorities.

The last page is devoted to suggestions for daycare. Cooperative childcare centers that belong to the parents and children of a given community would remove or reduce abuses of profit centers. The cooperative should incorporate elements of the workplace, the home, the old and the young "so as to become something of another home." The groups should consist of fifteen to twenty families and be situated in the neighborhood. They should receive state and federal subsidies, and both mothers and fathers would be required to participate for four or five hours per week. Teachers should receive appropriate salaries, commensurate with the importance of their jobs. She then listed some of the centers in the country that are "child friendly." These are Cortree Childcare Cooperative in Ann Arbor, Michigan; the Bank Street College of Education Parent-Child Cooperative in New York, New York; Yale Child Study Center; and the Syracuse Children's Center.

After the powerful impact of the rest of the book, the brevity of her suggestions was surprising and disappointing. I would like to have seen at least a whole chapter on suggestions. She did not address on-site daycare sponsored by companies, in-home daycare, or the differences between full-time daycare and part-time preschool.

This book treats a crucial subject. Good daycare is rare yet obtainable. Most daycare efforts do not meet the needs of the child but do meet the maintenance needs of the center. As a result of this book, I have a better sense of the elements that I want to find in good daycare, such as stable personnel, time for free play, and a structure that is not too rigid but does teach personal responsibility to the children. The book is well researched and well organized. One weakness lies in its prose; the author simply uses too many ten-dollar words when one-dollar words would do. The other weakness is the skimpy page of suggestions for good daycare. However, those with persistence will get through the prose and will be rewarded by the stimulating ideas of childhood and childcare that the author presents.

Camille DeLong
Mapleton, Utah

JOSEPH'S HAND, JOSEPH'S MIND

The Personal Writings of Joseph Smith, by Dean C. Jessee, comp. and ed. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1984. 736 pp. \$19.95

This long-awaited and highly acclaimed edition of the near-complete Joseph Smith holographic writings was a shoo-in for the Mormon History Association's prize for best edited document. It includes almost every known sentence in Joseph Smith's own hand (except for some routine and repetitive business notes and receipts), all but one of his known letters, and some documents.

Undoubtedly, other documents written in Joseph's hand will continue to come to light as document hunters like Mark Hofmann scour New England letter collections. One such letter that came forth since Jessee started this work is the controversial "hazel-stick letter," written by Joseph Smith to Josiah Stowell in 1825, in which Joseph describes occult techniques for locating buried treasure. This is the earliest known writing in Joseph's hand.

The book is a writer's delight. Jessee has made determined efforts to identify each individual mentioned in a letter or document and to provide a brief historical context for each item. The handwriting of the entries--some begun by Joseph and finished by a scribe--is identified, giving us a lively sense of collaborative creative process. The actual words of Joseph Smith are in boldface.

Photographs of the documents accompanying the printed text are so carefully done that they can be read with ease. In fact, the effort to reproduce the texts has been beautifully reflected in the design of the book--ragged right instead of an even right-hand margin so that no word is hyphenated. Every line breathes with editorial fidelity to the original. Deseret Book deserves a prize of its own, not only for the painstaking production but for the intelligence of the design and the physical beauty of the results.

The question for the lay reader is, what difference does it make? Yes, scholars need this kind of book, but do we? It's not easy to puzzle through some of Joseph's sentences (many of which

have no terminal punctuation) and distracting syntax and spelling. Much of this information is also printed in *History of the Church*. Furthermore, Jessee has wisely chosen not to tell the story of the Church again with these documents as plums in the pudding. Clearly, the reader needs another history of the Church in hand for full understanding. (I'd recommend Linda King Newell and Valeen Tippetts Avery's *Mormon Enigma: Emma Hale Smith as the best companion reader*, with Donna Hill's *Joseph Smith, the First Mormon* as close runner-up.)

So does an ordinary Mormon need this book? For me, yes. Reading chronologically through the documents that came from Joseph's hand shifted my awareness in a new way--even after *History of the Church* and *Comprehensive History of the Church* and all the manual and seminary variations thereof, after Brodie, after Hill, after Newell and Avery, after two decades of journal articles. There were still surprises.

I had not realized, for instance, how deeply Joseph was embedded in the context of his family. I was touched by his anxiety for his ill father, recorded for a succession of days (62-63), and his joy at his recovery. When Samuel's wife was brought to the point of death during the birth of her first child, Joseph went "into the field and bowed before the Lord and called upon him in mighty prayer in her behalf" (65). She gave birth to a healthy child and recovered. His journal breaks into spontaneous prayer and blessing in entry after entry. In Kirtland, I had a sense of the little church struggling for forms into which to channel their growing spiritual desires: prayer, washing of feet, vision meetings, the beginning of temple ordinances, the patriarchal blessings and other forms. I realized anew the need of religious expression to find form, and I see a parallel search in personal spirituality.

The sense that these writings were directed toward a particular audience was strong. I had never realized, for instance, that the 1838 version of the First Vision, the one now canonized in the Pearl of Great Price, is the version that Joseph Smith told the self-styled "Joshua the Jewish minister" whom Joseph found to be in possession of [a] wicked and depraved spirit" (79). Joseph's outpouring of anguish and divine comforting in Liberty Jail were dictated to a young Saint imprisoned with him and sent first in a letter to Emma, then later to the Church.

Nor had I understood his poverty. The poster of Joseph on the front of the missionary tracts that we give people shows him well-fed and well-dressed, holding a Bible with accustomed ease--not a working man's implements--with a bustling city rising in the background. In contrast, the desperation of financial insecurity haunts his letters, surfacing in his notes begging a load of wood for winter, his gratitude when someone relieves his wants, his willingness in 1836 to go with Hyrum, Oliver Cowdrey, and Sidney Rigdon to Salem, Massachusetts, to seek treasure buried in the cellar of a house only known to Church member William Burgess (349)--an unsuccessful venture.

Another surprise was that some of the smooth and eloquent paragraphs that read with a certain rhetorical rightness in print seem strained, even pompous in holograph, as though Joseph were trying on an elaborately embroidered costume to see how it fit.

You can't speed read through this material. I had to slow down to test the cadence of the words in my mind and decide where one sentence ended and another began. It made me pay attention in a new way. There is a great feeling of intimacy in seeing the photographs of the documents, the shape of the letters somehow registering in my brain with the immediacy of a hand on my arm. Any attempt to understand Joseph's tenderheartedness and undeniable charisma must start with these documents; the love of those who knew him began in his own whole-hearted and generous affection for them.

It couldn't have been easy for Joseph to produce this record. At one point, he cuts short a letter to Emma from Zion's Camp because he is sitting on the ground, writing on his knees. At another point in Kirtland, in the middle of a long and much scratched-up document, he spontaneously prays: "Oh Lord God deliver us in thy due time from the little narrow prison almost as it were total darkness of paper pen and ink and a crooked broken scattered and imperfect language" (261-62). I am profoundly grateful for those efforts. Jessee ends his preface by saying, "Here, then, in these pages, is Joseph Smith presented as clearly as his own writings will allow." The question with which every reader turns the page is, what is that clearer picture like? In my case, I found a man to love, not a prodigy to be marveled at.

Lavina Fielding Anderson
Salt Lake City, Utah

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Last month, my mother's father died. In California, after the funeral and the short ceremony at the mausoleum, we visited the grave of my mother's mother who had died many years before. It was a bright windy afternoon. I watched my mother as she stooped to put a few roses on the grave. The wind ruffled her skirt and hair. At that moment--as I watched my mother standing at her own mother's grave--life seemed infinitely precious to me. I saw my mother perhaps more clearly than I ever have before, not only as an extension of me and my life, but also as a distinct individual, possessing her own hidden life with her own inner pleasures, dark corners of fear, disappointment, regret, idiosyncracies--with her own peculiar way of encountering and interpreting the life around her.

To celebrate her life and to give a taste of her flavorful personality, as well as to encourage others to look closely at the wonderfully complex women who are, or were, their mothers, I am writing this tribute.

The morning that my grandfather died, my mother and I sat at the breakfast table talking. She started to cry and then laugh in the same breath as she said, "I just keep thinking about what Big Bug is doing right now. He's seeing my mom and Bunkins and Mrs. Cat." That was what she called her dad: Big Bug. Her stepmother is Lady Bug, and she's Tiny Bug. Bunkins was her grandfather. Giving affectionate nicknames, however odd those names may seem (she'd probably disinherit me if I told all of them), comes as naturally as breathing to my mom.

When I was growing up my name was Willie Woo of the Willie Woo Brigade of Girls. When it was dinner time, she'd stand on the porch calling, "Willie, Willie, Willie, Willie Woo--come home to eat." She'd say it so fast that it would tie my tongue to imitate her. She appointed me president of the Brigade of Girls. The Brigade followed me everywhere, and she'd regularly ask me what they were up to. She still does. The last time I told her that they had gone on an extended tour of the world so she might as well forget about them for awhile. The next day she wanted to know if I'd gotten any postcards.

But back to Mrs. Cat, who would be among the folks greeting my grandfather in heaven. Mrs. Cat isn't a nickname. She's a real cat that belonged to my mother's family when she was a child. I sometimes think that when my mother imagines the celestial kingdom she sees worlds without end populated by cats, and a few lucky humans. Right now she has three pet cats and a dog. She calls them her "furry friends." (Her piano and organ are "wooden friends.")

I remember a morning when I was in high school: My mother came into the kitchen very excitedly and announced, "I woke up at five o'clock today. Because I couldn't get back to sleep, I wrote a song about Carty." Carty is her cat with perfectly symmetrical stripes. She sang her song that began, "I know a cat, a fat symmetrical cat. His name is Cart, he thinks he's really smart." Once, in a fanciful mood, she came into the house and said to the family, "Mrs. Douglas next door just offered me a million dollars for Carty, but I told her no. Then she offered me a million dollars for just one of his stripes, but of course I told her there are some things in this world that you can't buy for money."

My mother is not merely an eccentric, nick-naming, pet owner. The texture of her life goes far deeper. She's a homemaker, though certainly not in the stereotypical sense of the word. She bakes bread, but unlike the woman in a ruffled apron on a recent *Ensign* cover, my mom throws the ingredients into the bread maker and leaves the dough to rise while she spends three or four hours practicing her instruments. She practices like that every day.

I've been working at home this past winter, so while I'm pecking away at the typewriter downstairs I get Beethoven through the ceiling. I've learned to tune Beethoven out so I can get some work done, but when she starts in on "The Bumble Boogie," I have to sit back and tap my feet a bit. On bread-making days, I'll come upstairs for lunch and find that the long-forgotten dough has not only risen but has practically taken over the kitchen and is heading down the hall.

Mom is capable of intense, single-minded devotion to whatever she loves. Things like bread dough go by the wayside for her music, her pets, and most importantly--and by far the most passionately--her family. In our family, we have a sort of unofficial motto: "If it's not worth doing, it's not worth doing well." But when my mother

does think something is worth doing, she puts herself to the task completely. I have felt her devotion to me on many occasions. I remember a time several years ago when I was living alone in Provo and attending BYU. It was a particularly difficult period in my life, and one night at 2:00 A.M. I felt that I could not be alone. I called her in Salt Lake, waking her from a sound sleep. Before I had completed my first sentence, she said, "I'll be there in an hour." And she was. I slept restlessly, and she would reach over and touch my hand or hair and tell me that she was there and it was alright. She stayed for three days.

This is not to say that she hasn't had tensions and conflicts with her five strong-willed children. There have been disappointments on both sides of all fences, and some sorrows. Notwithstanding, however, none of us ever doubts that we are loved by a force almost superhuman, loved with a fierceness almost frightening. I hope that she cannot doubt our love in return.

My mother has an enormous capacity for compassion. I remember one day when she saw a girl with a disfiguring skin disease in a shopping mall. She came home and wept bitterly and prayed for that girl. (This is just an aside, but speaking of disfiguring skin diseases, Mom always says that if she ever gets to create a world of her own the first thing she is going to do is abolish acne. To quote her: "Teenagers have enough to cope with, without *that* too. I can't imagine how such a thing could have slipped by the Lord!") Each week, my mother sends letters to the old, and too-often forgotten relatives in our family.

On many occasions, friends of mine or of my brothers or sister have come to live in my parents' house because they had no place else to go, no money, or a bad home situation. It isn't easy for my mom to have extra people in the house. She values her privacy greatly. It makes her tense and gives her headaches when there are too many infringements on that privacy. Nevertheless, when the need has arisen, as it has so many times, she has invited our wayward friends to share her home and food. Once, my brothers brought home a hitchhiker from Idaho, with whom they'd become acquainted three days before. He stayed three months. I have a friend who is excommunicated from the Church. She is without a husband and is the mother of a young son. This friend recently was forced to move from her apartment on short

continued on page 20

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A CELEBRATION OF LIFE

continued from page 19

notice. At the time she had a bad case of flu. My mother spent two days packing her belongings for her, loading them into a truck, and getting her settled in a new place. All this, when she would a thousand times rather have been home playing Rachmaninoff. Actually, it's not Rachmaninoff anymore. He gave her piano elbow--just like tennis elbow--with all his crashing chords. All this, when she would a thousand times rather be home playing Chopin.

I don't particularly believe in the proverb "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." I know of plenty of children trained up good who went not-so-good--a third of the host of heaven in the preexistence, for starters. Nevertheless, mothers do leave a stamp on their children. You never know what that stamp will be; I think it's different with every child, but I see my mother's good stamp upon my brothers and sister.

Just two weeks ago I saw her compassion and capacity for vigilant care in my oldest brother. He had a close friend who was dying of cancer. The month before she died he visited and cared for her daily, changing the dressing on an open wound in her neck that revealed her cords and muscles. He said to me, "I never thought I could do something like that, but when you love someone, I guess you find you can do a lot of things." He paused for several moments before he said, "I felt that it was an honor." Reflecting on his nurturing and his caring, I see that he is his mother's son.

I could go on and on with stories both poignant and amusing, for my mother's life has been rich and widely varied. She has seen perhaps more than her share of grief; she has also seen her share of laughter, of music, of just plain fun. She has known her failed hopes, her self-reproaches, and the countless host of earthly ills that beset us all. She has known the thrill and anguish of love--can anybody say what a mother suffers when her children suffer?

Each mother should be viewed as a unique individual, infinitely precious in her wealth of accumulated experience. Perhaps some of you are thinking, "But I didn't--or don't--have a mother like yours who would come flying out of her house at 2:00 A.M. to watch over me through a restless night." That may be the case, but you had a mother. And we must learn to accept the reality that nobody in this mortal world--no parent, no child, no friend--can be to you everything that you need or want them to be.

In the fine film *Ordinary People*, the teenaged son's psychiatrist asks the boy, "When are you going to forgive your mother?" The son responds, "For not loving me?" The doctor answers, "No kid, your mother loves you. For not loving you enough." In short, the doctor was saying, when are you going to accept her as a human being? For human beings have problems, limitations, fears, sorrows, and a thousand secrets in their souls. They may desperately wish to be more for a child, but remain unable. We all have wrongs to forgive; we all have wrongs for which to be forgiven. Let us prize our mothers not the less for that. Let us celebrate our mothers and their lives. Let us celebrate what our mothers have been to us, and even more importantly, let us celebrate what they are in and of themselves: unique individuals with a life tapestry that may be at once joyful, tumultuous, vibrant, confused, angry, noble, frightened, funny, suffering, seeking, loving, and finally--when all is said and done--mysterious, as wonderfully mysterious as life itself.

Dian Saderup
Provo, Utah

EVANS BIOGRAPHY AWARD

Authors of two books will share the \$10,000 prize in this year's David Woolley Evans and Beatrice Cannon Evans Biography Award, according to Dr. Ted J. Warner, Brigham Young University professor of history and executive secretary of the award committee.

The winners announced at a BYU banquet are Richard L. Bushman for his work, *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism*, published by the University of Illinois Press; and Linda King Newell and Valeen Tippetts Avery, co-authors of *Mormon Enigma: Emma Hale Smith, Prophet's Wife, "Elect Lady," Polygamy's Foe, 1804-1879*, published by Doubleday & Co.

A \$5,000 award was given for each book.

Warner said the winners were chosen from a field of eleven entries, all biographies of significant persons in "the culture or history of what may be called Mormon country."

This is the second year for the Evans award, which was established through a \$200,000 grant from the late David Woolley Evans, founder of the national advertising and public relations firm David W. Evans, Inc. It is one of the largest literary awards of its type in the nation.

Warner said the judges usually choose just one work but decided to split the award this year because of the "excellent quality" of the two books.



Richard L. Bushman is a professor of history at the University of Delaware and has taught at Harvard, Brown, Boston and Brigham Young universities.

The Salt Lake City native graduated magna cum laude from Harvard and subsequently took master's and doctoral degrees there. He has published widely in Mormon and non-Mormon journals and is winner of the

Bancroft and Phi Alpha Theta prizes for literary works.



Linda King Newell lives in Salt Lake and is a graduate of Utah State University. She, with her husband L. Jackson Newell, dean of Liberal Education at the University of Utah, is co-editor of *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*.

She has published extensively and is winner of the Mormon History Association's T. Edgar Lyon Award for the best historical article published in 1981, "A Gift Given, A Gift Taken: Washing, Anointing, and Blessing the Sick Among Mormon Women."



Valeen Tippetts Avery lives in Flagstaff, Arizona, and is an assistant professor of history and director of the Center for Colorado Plateau Studies at Northern Arizona University where she received her master's and doctoral degrees.

She also has published extensively and is winner of the Reese Award for the best exposition in Mormon history, 1983.

Last year's winner of the Evans award was Leonard J. Arrington for his work, *Brigham Young: American Moses*. Arrington is director of the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute of Church History at BYU and holds the Lemuel Hardison Redd Jr. Chair of Western History.

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